

Rotarian

May



ANDRÉ MAUROIS

Count Heads—
Don't Break Them!

H. W. VAN LOON

Give Mother Nature
A Chance!

RUPERT HUGHES

'Stand Out of
My Sunlight'

LOUIS ADAMIC

Opportunity
In Crisis

JOHN ERSKINE

West of
The Hudson

PICTURES—

•Denver—Doorknob
Of the West

1941

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THE PEOPLE OF

Hawaii
U.S.A.

'WHAT BOOTS IT TO REPEAT

That Time is slipping underneath our feet?"

IT MAY have meant nothing to the poet—but the flight of time means everything to you amateur lensmen who are going to enter the 1941 PHOTO CONTEST of THE ROTARIAN! You should be planning now to get your prize-winning prints to the office of THE ROTARIAN before the closing date, October 1, 1941 (for contestants outside the United States and Canada, October 20). Remember—there are 30 cash prizes totalling \$400!

And make a note of this: In the two "black and white" divisions—SCENIC and HUMAN INTEREST prints—you may enter your toned prints: blue, green, sepia, or any other single color in addition to white. Or, if you work in color, there is no limit to subject matter in the FULL-COLOR DIVISION.

You'll want to get busy now! To quote another poet:

"Time's a-Wastin'"

30 Prizes—THE ROTARIAN'S 1941 PHOTO CONTEST—\$400 in Cash

In each of the "black and white" divisions—HUMAN INTEREST and SCENIC—there will be a First Prize of \$50, a Second Prize of \$30, a Third Prize of \$20, and ten Honorable Mentions of \$5 each. In the FULL-COLOR DIVISION, for transparencies and color prints, a First Prize of \$50,

Second Prize of \$30, and two Honorable Mentions of \$10 each.

Read the rules below carefully, dust off your lenses, and check your film supplies. *Snap those pictures!* And win a prize!!

RULES TO REMEMBER

THE COMPETITION is limited to Rotarians and their families (wives, and sons or daughters under 21 years of age). Employees of Rotary International are not eligible.

Contestants may submit as many prints and transparencies as they wish.

Each entry should plainly indicate: title, class entered, kind of camera and film used, and the name and address of the contestant. (If entrant is not a Rotarian, state relationship and the name

of the Rotary Club of which the relative is a member.)

Entrants desiring to have their photos returned should accompany them with sufficient return postage. Prize-winning prints and transparencies will become the property of THE ROTARIAN Magazine, and may be used for reproduction whenever desired.

All possible care will be exercised in handling photos, but no responsibility will be assumed by THE ROTARIAN

Magazine for loss or damage to prints or transparencies submitted.

Decisions of the judges, whose names will be announced later, will be final.

In case of a tie for one position, those tying will share evenly the prize for that position and the next following.

Entries must be received by THE ROTARIAN not later than October 1, 1941. An extension to October 20, 1941, will be allowed to contestants from outside the United States and Canada.

Contest Editor, THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois



Photo: Rotarian George M. Ivey, Charlotte, N. C.

Coming!



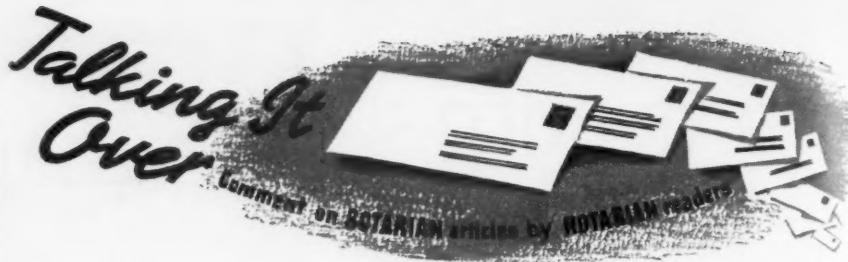
Photo: O. Roach

Colorado's State flower, the columbine, will grace the cover of next month's ROTARIAN—as, in June, it will grace the rooms and gardens of Denver—to the delight of thousands of Rotary Convention-goers.

Among the treasures within the pages will be a pictorial story of a town that owns, runs, and loves a circus—Gainesville, Texas. It's a good story, and a Rotarian tells it.

"Out of darkness cometh light," writes T. A. Warren from the darkness of bombed Britain. He is Rotary's Second Vice-President, has a message of courage for all Rotarians.

In Your JUNE ROTARIAN



Sloan's Art Comment Approved

By FRANCES DENSMORE
Ethnologist and Author
Red Wing, Minnesota

The article *Indian Art*, with comments by Artist John Sloan in the March ROTARIAN, was of special interest to me, as Dr. Edgar L. Hewett showed me a portfolio of such Indian paintings in San Diego, California, in 1922. He had obtained them recently and their popular recognition was just beginning.

It is gratifying to read John Sloan's appreciation of the paintings and his criticism of one which approaches the custom of the white man.

'Goat Roper a Miracle Man?'

Asks JOHN L. WARD
Printer
Ord, Nebraska

As one who has attended Nebraska's rodeo at Burwell ever since 1920, I am much interested in the goat-roping photos in the *Hobbyhorse Hitching Post* in the March ROTARIAN. The captions indicate a sequence of events, and, if they are, you will have to agree that the performer is a miracle man.

Photo No. 1 looks very proper indeed, but note what happens in No. 2. The man has changed horse, chaps, sweater, and even goat. He rushes over to goat in picture No. 3, and, *mirabile dictu*, he changes pants, shirt, and hat en route, and meets up with still a different goat. Finally, in No. 4, we find he has changed his clothes once more, and that chameleon goat has changed color once more.

Incidentally, the background shows important changes, and pictures 1 and 4 were taken on a sunshiny day, and it was cloudy when 2 and 3 were taken.

I like a good joke, and I thought you would enjoy one also—even at your own expense.

Reader Ward has sharp eyes, indeed, and he is 100 percent right in his observations. While the Editors chuckle over being the apparent "goat" in the situation, they pause to point out that the purpose was to show a sequence of events in the art of roping a goat—not to pictorialize the work of a "quick-change artist."—Eds.

Thank You, Governor Carr!

Says W. C. CARNES, ROTARIAN
Dentist
Henryetta, Oklahoma

Thank you, Governor Carr, for your invitation to come to Colorado in June [April ROTARIAN, *Rotary: Hang Up Your Hat!*]. All I know about Rotary is what I see in THE ROTARIAN, what somebody tells me, or by just rubbing shoulders with the big, the little, the old, and the young in Rotary. You know there is one thing about this stuff we call Rotary that's different from most anything

else that the average fellow gets into (or perhaps a better phrase would be "that gets into the average fellow"), because if any man is ever vaccinated with the Rotary spirit, it always leaves a visible scar. He may lose his classification by a change in business, move to another town and find his classification filled, or the traditional wolf may drive him out, but that scar will show up in his daily deeds whether he be a banker or a bootblack.

Now, I started in to tell you how we all can find out more about Rotary and Rotarians. We have already met and know the little and the old in Rotary. We meet with them each week. But if we want to meet the big and the young in Rotary, we'd better arrange to meet them in Denver in June. So when the time comes, just grab your sombrero, come on out to Denver, and meet the swellest bunch of fellows you ever met in your life.

On Settling Strikes

By REGINALD H. HARRIS, ROTARIAN
Attorney at Law
Boothbay Harbor, Maine

Re: *Compulsory Arbitration of Labor Disputes?* (debate-of-the-month, Henry J. Allen versus Edward Keating—March ROTARIAN):

As a whole I am opposed to laws governing the fixing of conditions in stated terms. This is a progressive era and such laws are outmoded before the first test case can get to the Supreme Court. The neutrality law was a good law one month and the next month conditions had changed so it was a bad law.

Compulsory arbitration of labor disputes will work that way. When we have a Government more sympathetic to labor than to capital, capital and industry will suffer. When we have a Government that tends to the economic view, it will be labor that will have to swallow the bitter pill, and labor and the social standards will suffer.

The Federal arbitrator seldom knows the problems of an industry as well as

Remember?

William F. McDermott's "Merrily We Roll Along" in this issue (page 27) will give many a reader a nostalgic jolt about his old home town and its people. For the best letter—not more than 300 words—describing "The Most Interesting Person in My Old Home Town," the Editors will pay \$5, if it reaches "The Rotarian," 35 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill., by May 5. If you live outside North America, you may have until June 1.—The Editors.

a committee from the industry involved. This committee can speak for both capital and labor. In any event the further the married couple keep away from the parents with their problems, the better off everyone is—and the further labor and industry keep away from Washington, the better off all three will be.

How British Clubs Carry On

*Related by F. C. HICKSON
Acting General Secretary, R.I.B.I.
London, England*

R. E. Coombe, President of the Rotary Club of London, has from time to time in THE ROTARIAN told some of the needs and the deeds of British Rotarians. I believe you will be interested in the following letter received from the Vice-Chairman of District 12, J. A. Rose. It will give some idea of how at least one Rotary Club is carrying on with a splendid spirit.

In the course of my duties as District Vice-Chairman, I recently visited a Club not very far from London. It is a new and small Club, with a present membership of 22, of whom 16 were present, an average attendance. Their town, in common with others, has suffered from the attention of Nazi bombers. I found the building next door to the cafe where the Club meets had been completely destroyed and the cafe itself damaged. Nevertheless, the cafe carries on and the Club still meets there. The windows of the room in which the Club lunches had been blown out, and were boarded up, so that we had to lunch by artificial light. No one bothered. They just carried on.

All the Club Committees are actively at work, and new members are being elected. Three were considered while I was there. They have two main preoccupations: to help win the war, and secure a real and lasting peace. It will take more than Hitler to knock Rotary out of Britain while we have fellows like these.

What do you think of the following extract from the Swansea Club bulletin following the three-night *blitz*?

If my notes are exceptionally scrappy, please attribute it to a sleepless night following a Committee meeting at Toc-H, and the other business that followed. This morning news reaches me that Glyn Griffith's home is missing, but with no casualties. More I cannot say. John Peters took over new premises last week, after the last "do." He hopes now that he hadn't. F. R. Perris may shortly be buying office furniture, or perhaps be on the lookout for furnished offices. Tom Brader is looking for glaziers. So are Tom Batcup and Gwynne Lawrence.

T. D.'s house got it badly, and, would you believe it, he wanted to get out of bed to tackle the job. The President had to face up to a hectic time at the hospital. North, south, east, west—"Jerry" was everywhere. It was tough. On all hands one hears expressions of admiration for the grit and determination of the hospital staff.

My phone is "temporarily out of service." Usually this denotes shortage of money, but not so this time. Anyway, news trickles through very slowly, and you will understand.

History Will Repeat Itself

Says RABBI JOSEPH GITIN, Rotarian Clergyman Butte, Montana

My colleague and friend Rabbi Robert I. Kahn wrote a very thought-provoking article in the April ROTARIAN entitled *Three Hundred Years Hence: What?* It gave one assurance that in the race between civilization and catastrophe, civilization will win out. It gave one faith in the fulfillment of mankind's dream of a happier tomorrow.

I echo Rotarian Kahn's faith in the future and I find assurance in the record of mankind's experience itself. That record reveals that everything which the mighty civilizations of the past created out of power and might and brute force has crumbled in the dust



KEY: (Am.) American Plan; (Eu.) European Plan; (RM) Rotary Meets; (S) Summer; (W) Winter.

CANADA

A ROYAL WELCOME AWAITS YOU AT CANADA'S ROYAL FAMILY OF HOTELS

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NIAGARA FALLS, Canada—General Brock Hotel
Rotary meets Tuesday.
HAMILTON, Ont.—Royal Connaught Hotel
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WINDSOR, Ont.—Prince Edward Hotel
Rotary meets Monday.

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COLORADO SPRINGS—ACACIA HOTEL. Popular priced, good, excellent service. Jo. W. Atkinson and R. R. Haigler, Mgrs. Rates: Eu. \$2.00 up. RM Friday, 12:15.

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OHIO

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GRANVILLE—THE GRANVILLE INN & GOLF COURSE, INC. Ohio's smartest small hotel. Excellent accommodations. Eu. \$2.50 up. 18 hole course. J. R. Young, Mgr.

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ROTARIANS TRAVEL

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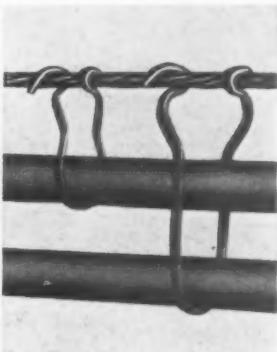


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and become covered by the debris of the ages. I recall the classic words of the poet Emma Lazarus, who wrote the inscription on the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor: ". . . Seek Pharaoh's race today, and you shall find rust and moth, silence and dusty sleep. . . . and today a roofless ruin stands where once abode the imperial race of everlasting Rome. . . ."

If there is one truth that history teaches, it is this: that the heart of humanity is sound. It is the prophet, not the despot, who lives; the poet, the artist, the thinker, and the visionary, not the Duce, the Commissar, the Fuehrer. As Rotarian Kahn emphasized, the Isaiahs, the Rembrandts, the Spinozas, the Einsteins, will live long after the name of Hitler has ceased even to be a memory. I believe it was Thales, the Greek philosopher, more than 25 centuries ago, who declared that one sight the world would never see was "a tyrant growing old."

History will repeat itself!

A Boost from 'Down Under'

By R. GRANGER, *Bldg. Mat. Dist.*
Secretary, Rotary Club
Lismore, Australia

At the last meeting of our Rotary Club I was directed to convey to you our appreciation of the high literary standards set by THE ROTARIAN. During the discussion which ensued, members of this Club extolled the value of THE ROTARIAN and speakers were unanimous that your publication was one which the entire household looked forward to receiving each month.

Members of this Club hope that we will long be privileged to receive THE ROTARIAN, and that it will continue to bring us inspiration to carry on the good work of Rotary.

It's Fine When You Don't

Says DOANE R. FARR, *Chairman
Youth Committee, Rotary Internat'l.
Clinton, Oklahoma*

Hugoton, Kansas, Rotarians have a novel idea. It seems to be the custom to assess fines for most anything they think of, and some of these fines are plenty steep at times. They have made it a rule that when a Rotarian finds the name of a person in THE ROTARIAN whom he has met or knows in any connection, the fine will be remitted if he will announce it before the Club.

Signs for Sinners

Holds FRED B. BARTON
*Author and Journalist
Fairlawn, Ohio*

I thought both Donald C. Peattie and Herbert E. Fisk put up logical arguments for their respective sides of the April debate-of-the-month, *Outdoor Advertising?*

I'll admit I've seen signs which litter up the landscape, but recently I saw some which I believe are saving it. They were in the parks of Akron, Ohio, placed there by the Akron Metropolitan System, whose director is H. S. Wagner. They weren't the usual "Keep Off the Grass," "Don't Pick the Flowers," "No Dogs Allowed" [Continued on page 61]



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Volume LVIII

Number 5

MAY

1941

Have You Met?—



Illustration by R. R. Epperly

ANDRÉ MAUROIS (*Count Heads—Don't Break Them!*) is a polyglot Frenchman whose career has been as varied as his speech. An industrialist, World War I made a soldier and a writer of him. A member of the French Academy, knighted by England, in World War II he was an officer in the French Army attached to the British Army as liaison officer. He is now in America lecturing and writing. His newest book, *The Miracle of England*, is a revision of an older one.

DR. LESTER B. STRUTHERS (*Rotary North of the Rio Grande*) recently returned to the Central Office of Rotary International from his former position as head of Rotary's Office in Switzerland. He speaks almost as many languages as M. MAUROIS!

Give Me the Sun is one of the few unpublished poems of the late HAMLIN GARLAND, the grand old man of American letters. It is dated 1898—when he was at the height of his rugged strength.

LORD LONDONDERRY, K.G. (*Capitalism and Commonsense*), has served his country as a soldier and a statesman, is chancellor of both the Queen's University at Belfast, Ireland, and Durham University at Durham, England.

HARRY ELMORE HURD (*Autos Were Made for Walkers*) has been a cowboy, radio operator on the high seas, a minister, poet, and lecturer—and, of course, has been and is an author.

—THE CHAIRMEN

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Photo: Cy La Tour and Son

Give Me the Sun

By Hamlin Garland

Give me the sun and the sky,
The wide sky—Let it blaze with light!
Let it burn with heat—I care not.
The sun is the blood of my heart,
The wind of the plain my breath.

No woodsman I. My eyes are set
For the wide, wide lines. The level rim
Of the desert plain is mine.
The semi-gloom of the pointed firs,
The sleeping darks of the mountain spruce,
Are prison and poison to such as I.
In the forest
I long for the plain and the sun—
In the dusk of the firs
I die.

Count Heads—Don't Break Them!

By André Maurois

French Biographer Now in America

Democracy is the wisest way—but without courageous leadership and without faith, it fails. Consider France.

ONE WAY to govern men, Kipling once said, is to break heads and another is to count them. Democracy chooses to count them. It is a wise method—but delicate. It works only if the count is honest, if the minority agrees to be governed, and if the majority respects the rights of the minority.

When the majority sets out to destroy the minority—when it begins breaking heads—Democracy is done. That is what happened in France. That is why France fell. For France fell not for want of courage, but for want of leadership. Her leaders lacked the courage to stay the hand of the head breaker, lacked faith in the unalterable good sense of their countrymen. They had lost faith in democracy.

It is a long and poignant story and it is useful now only as a lesson. During the years before the war, the majority in France was a coalition party wherein the Communists were powerful. This element was hostile to freedom, yearned for a dictatorship of the proletariat, planned the systematic elimination of its opponents—and made no effort to disguise any of these aims. It was the clash of these extreme "leftists" with the extreme "rightists" that led almost directly to the fall of French democracy.

When, too late, our leaders demanded tremendous arms production to match Germany's—about which our Intelligence Service had been telling them for years—they did not get it. How could they? Workmen, engineers, and factory owners were all at sword's point. Our political leaders kept our industrial leaders "in the dark," and gave them no such authority as their responsibility bespoke. How could one hope to speed production when part of the workmen in the arms factories were forever opposed to the very policies these weapons were meant to uphold? How could production be

organized when the men making the decisions, made them not according to the needs of national defense, but according to their own political philosophies? It was a case of every man for himself first and France second.

The mismanagement of airplane production was a case in point. French leaders knew their nation was insufficient in the air. "If there is a war," a colonel in the French Air Force told me at the time of the Munich Conference, "we shall die bravely, my men and myself. . . . That is all we can do. . . . For more than two years we have been completely outdistanced both in speed and in fire power by the German Air Force."

Statistics confirmed him. Germany then had 3,500 fast planes and was producing 500 more each month. Most French planes were obsolete, and our production was only 50 a month. What did our leaders do about it? Did they go directly to the people, air the alarming state of the French air power, and ask all Frenchmen to unite in producing an air force equal to or better than Germany's?

They did not. Underestimating the Frenchman's deep love of country and fearing a negative reaction to a plea for large appropriations, they kept the problem to themselves. Too long they weighed the question: Shall we step up production by State help for existing plane factories or should the State independently undertake the construction of an air force? That was a legitimate question. It was in the best democratic tradition. But whoever answered it, did so not with the best

interests of France at heart, but with the interests of his own politics. That was *not* democracy.

Yet most French businessmen and French workingmen were ready to sacrifice a great deal. I am as certain of it as I am a Frenchman that if, in September, 1938, the Government had said to them: "Unless you throw your whole weight into the scale *now*, in another two years your neighbor will be able to defeat you, steal your traditional liberties, and make you pay for *his* armies of occupation one hundred times as much as you will have to pay for an air fleet equal to *his*," they would have answered to a man, "Let's go ahead now!" British workingmen and businessmen would have said the same. Fortunately, they finally got their chance to say it—and you have seen how they meant it.

But the political hatreds which split France did not kill her. Forty million fine French men, women, and children cannot have changed overnight merely because their Government failed to order and build 10,000 planes and 6,000 tanks. They have not changed.

HISTORY has seldom taught a harder lesson, but never has it taught hearts more worthy of understanding it. If, in turn, France has taught that there is no liberty without security, no security without national unity, no unity without a deep mutual faith in one's countrymen, then France again, at what cost, has saved the world from night and bondage.

You who are still free, mark well that you do not break heads! Count them—and count *on* them!



'Stand Out of My Sunlight'

By Rupert Hughes

WHEN YOUNG Alexander the Great conquered Greece and visited Athens, as Hitler visited Paris, he called on the famous crabbed old cynic Diogenes and found him at home in his tub. The glittering King looked down at the shabby philosopher, smiled indulgently, and said:

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes," Diogenes snapped without rising even to his knees.

"Name it!" said Alexander, and Diogenes answered:

"Stand out of my sunlight."

It was bad manners, but it was magnificent. It is remembered because it is so common a thing for condescending philanthropists to get between a man and his sun.

We see it every day where a benevolent paternalism leans over young and old, apparently offering them help, but often casting them into a shadow and chilling them.

Many years ago the Strollers Club of New York invited the famous and witty Speaker of the United States House of Representatives Thomas B. Reed to be the guest of honor at its annual banquet. He accepted, but the day before the dinner he suddenly died. There was talk of giving up the meeting, but since it was really a Club occasion, it was decided to hold the dinner anyway. It was something like a feast in a graveyard until the spellbinding politician Lemuel Ely Quigg made a speech beginning:

"I can imagine nothing that would give my dear friend Tom Reed more real pleasure, if he is where he can see and listen to us, than that a group of his friends and admirers should gather together in his memory and tell again some of the witty things he said—laugh again at them as they once convulsed the nation."

That threw a strange new light on the occasion. Quigg recounted a number of Reed's witticisms and there was an uncanny thrill

Old Diogenes had boorish manners—but he set a good example for all youth: absorption in a job to be done.

to the laughter they awakened.

Abruptly Quigg shifted to a serious note. He spoke of the great opportunities that America offers to everybody, and at his climax he fairly chanted in the soaring tones of a bugle this line:

"And I love to think that there is no star in the infinite blue beyond the hope of an American boy."

I was set on fire, as was the rest of the crowd, and cheered lustily.

A few weeks later at another banquet Lemuel Ely Q. was again a guest of honor. He opened his address with a number of bright lines that aroused great laughter. Again he shifted abruptly to a serious note and to my horror chanted with exactly the same musical tones these words:

"And I love to think that there is no star in the infinite blue beyond the hope of an American boy."

I felt that I had been tricked

by a bit of sheer hokum and I wanted to recall the cheers into which I had been duped.

But the line and the lilt and the tune of it stuck in my head. They still recur to my memory from time to time, as do the fragments of old half-forgotten melodies that will never quite die.

In the course of time I have come to love the phrase and to thrill with it, for, hokum or not, it expresses a magnificent dream. My heart leaps at the ringing platitude: "And I love to think that there is no star in the infinite blue beyond the hope of an American boy."

Recently, it seems to me, this boy and his new rival and equal, his sister, have come to think less than once they did of the stars within the reach of their ambitions. They have to a large degree quit hoping. The so-called "lost generation" and the wild youth following the World War suddenly turned solemn, profound, and very often radical. The young began to glorify the "downtrodden" and to imagine that the way to uplift the poor and the unfortunate was to revile and impoverish the rich and the lucky. Success was proof of crime, and failure evidence of virtue.

It seemed to be agreed that the only way to better the world was to take from the successful their success and hand it over to the failures. Even the danger of war failed to kindle the majority of youth with its traditional recklessness and derring-do. Somebody or something had got between the modern boy and those stars in the infinite blue.

Therein, it seems to me, lies the greatest and the least suspected evil of paternalism. Nobody belittles the importance of protecting the weak. But this cannot be done by weakening the strong. That principle is too much like the spirit that guided the Scotsman in the old story.

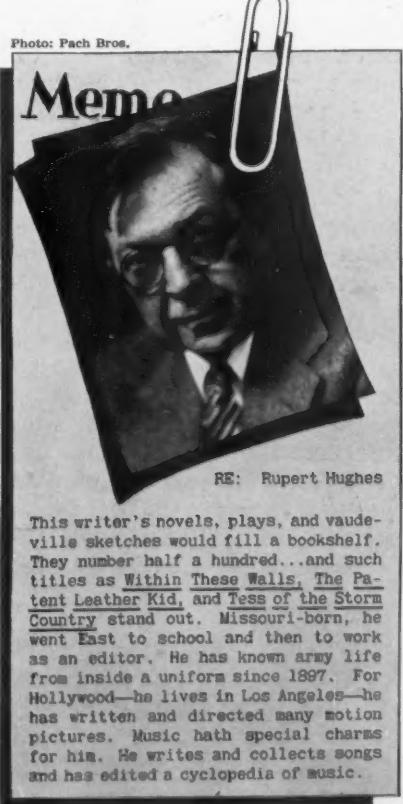




Photo: Rotarian George Bergstrom

It seems there were two Scotsmen, both drunk, staggering home late one braw bricht moonlicht nicht, ye ken. One of them fell down and could not get up. He called to his friend to help him, and his friend answered:

"Sandy, I canna lift ye up, but I will lee doon beside ye."

There is no progress and no help in that form of sympathy. There is hardly more in the attitude of the Alexanders the Great who look down on those who choose to be poor and choose to be let alone. The condescension of their charity is the final insult,

and there is a certain dignity in the rugged individualism of the surly demand:

"Stand out of my sunlight."

Every man has a right to a free sky overhead, and a star in it to strive for, with nobody standing between him and his zenith—no king, no tyrant, not even a condescending benefactor.

Nobody can lift us up to our stars. If we do not reach them, "the fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves."

So let us reopen the sky and call youth once more to the climb, and let us stand so that we cast

no shadow on those whom we are trying to help.

The world is being torn to pieces before the very eyes of youth. It must be saved by all-forgetting heroism. It must be rebuilt with imagination and heroism. In these two fields of defense and re-creation youth has an opportunity never equalled in the world's history. It should rise to that opportunity, leap to it, for the youth of today must live in that new world. What that new world may be depends largely on what the youth of today does about it here and now.



Give Mother Nature a Chance!

By Hendrik Willem van Loon

Historian, Author, Artist

War news and factory smoke must not obscure home ills, says this American historian to Americans.

PROSPERITY is a flighty lass. About a decade ago she flounced out of our lives, never, it seemed, to return. Then, a few years later, she poked her curls around the corner, laughed, and vanished.

Today, some say, she is with us again. I doubt it. But then I am a veteran doubter. My skepticism was born when I was 11 years old. Near my boyhood home in Rotterdam was a statue of that great scholar and theologian Erasmus. Local legend said that on the stroke of every hour, old bronze Erasmus turned a page in the open book he held. I doubted the story and put it to test. Every day for several days I took a stand before the statue and stared at its hands. They never moved. Never so much as twitched. My doubt was confirmed.

I say I doubt that prosperity,

real prosperity, has returned. (I might even venture that we have never known real prosperity—only degrees of it.) What we are seeing now is an apparition of prosperity, conjured up by the smoke of arms plants, and apparitions like that have a way of dissolving. However urgently the tremendous effort of arming a nation is needed, no one with foresight would deem it a sound base for a lasting prosperity.

Go back a little to what we called "The Recessional." It seemed to put a period (or maybe just a comma) at the end of what had given sign of being Prosperity with a capital P. Great tidings had been coming from Wall Street, which most Americans persist in regarding as the true barometer of prosperity. Advertising, the second most popular barometer,

had given new signs of life and was talking million-dollar contracts. Poor fiction writers had begun to window-shop again and to turn from their garden patches to their typewriters. Then it all ended—or at least slowed down to a shuffle.

Why doesn't prosperity last? Is that a good question for today when international matters dominate domestic ones? It is, for we dare not neglect the latter. When the financial pages are rosy with reports of rapidly rising stocks, high-dividend declarations, and great freight-car loadings—surely that's a wise time to ask: How long will it last? What's causing it? What's going to happen? Why doesn't prosperity last?

Curiously enough, you will find your reply among the flowers of the fields. A century and a half

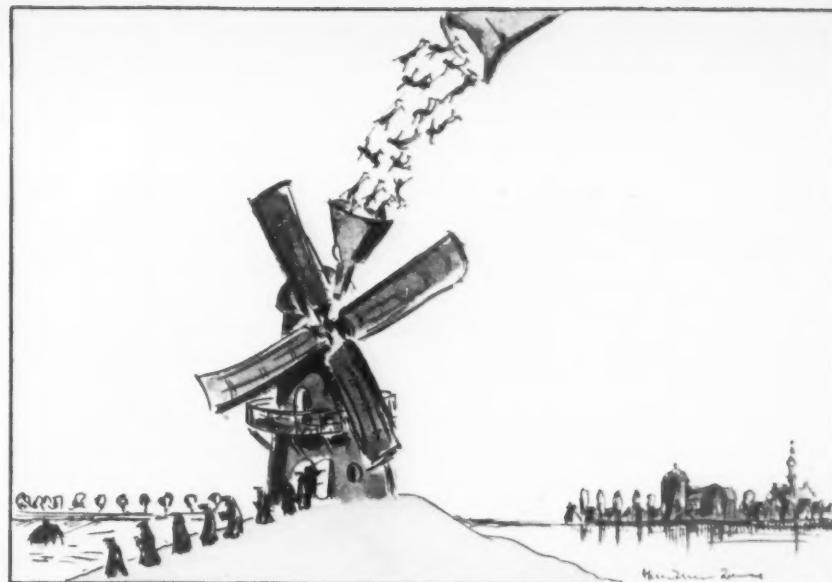
ago the great Swedish naturalist Linnaeus (to give him his more commonly used Latin name) summed up the wisdom of a lifetime in a volume entitled *The Botanist's Philosophy*. In that book you will find the following statement: "Natura non facit sal-tus," or, in the language of today, simply, "Nature does not believe in short cuts."

A few years ago we once more thought we were brighter than Nature and we tried to make the old lady take a short cut. She would not do it. Had we listened to the safe counsel of Linnaeus, we would have proceeded very slowly. We would have realized that Prosperity, still weak from so many years of undernourishment, must be very carefully nursed if she were to regain her former strength. We would have started her on a little milk toast, then an occasional soft-boiled egg and a baked potato and some creamed spinach.

But that has never been the way we like to do things. We ordered a six-course dinner, planted all the dishes right before our welcome guest, and said, "Now eat!" She did her best, the poor dear, but soon she collapsed. We might have saved ourselves another disappointment if we had remembered the wise words of Karl von Linné (Linnaeus) that Nature does not believe in short cuts!

There is no use arguing with the Colorado River before it has reached the plains. And it is not exactly a profitable business to try to row against the stream of our exuberant national life while it still flows through the narrow but highly romantic gorges of those mountains of unlimited opportunity among which the United States started upon its independent career. Therefore, what I am about to say will be stated in all humility of spirit and with a great deal of trepidation. But the trouble with us Americans is that, full of the exuberance of youth, we are quite convinced that those laws which hold good for the rest of humanity (and which apparently are as old as mankind itself) can be stretched a little bit in favor of ourselves.

One-half of me is strongly rooted in an older civilization, and that may make me a bit of a skep-



A MILL that grinds out stereotypes is van Loon's personal impression of modern education.

tic when I am obliged to listen to the boast that "We can beat the game." We may indeed be able to beat a great many games, but Nature is not exactly a "game." Nature is a fact—the sort of fact that Romans used to call a "brutal fact." She laid down her own rules as she deemed fit, at the moment of creation, and I am afraid there are not going to be any amendments to the constitution of the universe which antedates our own by several billions of years. We may not like this arrangement, but what are we going to do about it?

I realize I am treading on dangerous ground and I shall there-

fore leave the field of speculation and give you a few examples, which perhaps may prove my point.

We in America found ourselves possessed of one of the richest and largest pieces of real estate ever bestowed upon a single nation. We thought ourselves very lucky, for now all of us could be as rich and happy as kings. And so we set to work to undo the effete monarchs of another day. We hacked and cut and dug and we plundered the land with so little regard for that old warning about the danger of making short cuts that today the exhausted soil has either ceased to exist alto-

AMERICA tried to feed Mother Nature a six-course dinner, says the author. Result: colic.



gether and has blown itself over half a continent, or refuses to bear any further harvests until it shall be given a very different sort of treatment from that which it has received at the hands of our immediate ancestors.

I am not an agricultural expert, but I must confess that I feel very greatly disturbed when I hear my friends who happen to know about such matters tell me that our short-cut methods give somewhat less energetic folk a much better chance of survival. For it was not only the land which we exposed to our desire for "quick results." The animal life, which seems to be necessary to keep the vegetable world going, was also submitted to the "short methods." Undoubtedly we succeeded in making the prairies safe for the immigrants by killing off the buffalo, but the buffalo took his revenge. Now the prairies are rapidly becoming as unsafe for the settlers as they had become for those dumb but useful bovine creatures which we exterminated so ruthlessly. Ask anybody who deals with our birds and you will hear a similar story.

AGAIN, I am not a mining expert, but all engineers with experience in other countries tell me that our high-handed way of dealing with our oil and coal supplies is making it highly doubtful whether there will be anything left in the subterranean cupboard by the time our grandchildren shall ask for their share.

Meanwhile, we find ourselves faced by the problem of supporting large numbers of additional human beings whom we needed to help us exploit our national resources. We found them in the overpopulated Old World slums. We dumped them into the holds of ships and carried them post-haste to our eager shores. They understood neither our language nor our methods, nor our general way of doing things. Did this faze us? Of course not. We had our famous melting pot. We stoked the fires beneath these crucibles with everything that would burn and produce heat. Hocus-pocus: the trick would be done.

I understand, however, that to make just an ordinary pencil, such as you may buy anywhere for a

couple of pennies, it is necessary to mix the humble graphite for not less than four weeks, keeping it going day and night and night and day. But when it comes to human material, the hardest of all to handle, we Americans expected to perform miracles with a few perfunctory efforts at a vague sort

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON (pronounced van Loan) came to the United States from The Netherlands at 21, went to Cornell and Harvard, then to Munich for a Ph.D. During World War I he was a newspaper correspondent in England and Continental countries, returning thereafter to lecture on modern European history at Cornell and Antioch. He was associate editor of the Baltimore "Sun" for a

time. But he is best known as a historian of special appeal to lay readers. His fresh view and his drawings—such as illustrate this article—give many of his books, which now count 27, best-seller ranking. He is a veteran contributor to "The Rotarian."

of emotional chemistry and we tried to undo in a single year what 20 centuries of careful building up had brought about. We failed!

I happen to be interested in education. So are all of us. But I realize that mental discipline, like physical discipline, is the result of certain habits of mind that can be developed only by endless repetition and instruction. Our pedagogues felt differently. They gave us an educational system based on the ideal of the short cut. Whether they taught languages, mathematics, or music, the children must be spared all intellectual growing pains and they must reach their full stature in the shortest possible space of time.

We now know just how successful they have been. Our infants are an amiable lot, but there never has been a younger generation that was so hopelessly unfit for the world that awaited them as the present. All the frills are there. A superficial hodgepodge of Ripley-esque items fills their brains. But they are totally unprepared for the hard facts which await their attention and which can only be solved by hard and logical thinking.

I do not belong to the rapidly increasing number of people who have given up hope, and say,

"What is the use? We can never change this world anyway." Of course we can. Otherwise we would still be chasing saber-toothed tigers with stone axes. Or at least society would still be divided on slave-and-master lines. Aristotle held that slavery existed by nature and, as John Dewey wrote in these columns in February, 1938, "he would have regarded efforts to abolish slavery from society as an idle and utopian effort to change human nature where it was unchangeable." Yet we do not have slavery today. Yes, I think we can change this world. We can improve it.

We Americans, especially, have been profligate with our riches. But by spending wisely what we have left, by making it produce five times what it did before, by learning how to distribute its fruits, we can enrich the boards and lives of all. We can change our world. But in order to change it, we must have a definite plan. And that plan should pay due respect to our great silent partner, Mother Nature. We are still very ignorant about most of her secrets, but of one thing we can be fairly certain: she does not believe in short cuts, and she takes a fiendish delight in making the shortest way the longest whenever she detects our designs.

Why not give her a chance to work things her way?

Now, Want to Read More?

 Big Dr. van Loon attacks a big subject here. If you'd like to push deeper into it, look up some of his books—*Van Loon's Geography*, for instance, or *The Story of Mankind* or *Man, the Miracle Maker*; also his *The Arts*.

Conservation—the problem of keeping what we have of Nature and of developing it—is a live problem. J. N. ("Ding") Darling, cartoonist and militant conservationist, says there are 30,000 groups in the United States having conservationist objectives. Naturally, the press reflects this interest—THE ROTARIAN included. Past issues, for instance, show: *Wisconsin Goes Wild!*, William F. McDermott, November, 1940; *Hold That Sneeze!*, Roger P. Wodehouse, July, 1940; *Plant a Tree*—, Donald Culross Peattie, April, 1940; *Big Business Comes to Birddom*, H. Dyson Carter, October, 1939.

You'll find *How Much Conservation?*, by Richard L. Neuberger, in *The Saturday Evening Post*, June 15, 1940, helpful on your quest; also the book *Rich Land, Poor Land*, by Stuart Chase (McGraw-Hill, \$2.50).—Eds.

Capitalism and Commonsense

By Lord Londonderry, K.G.

Photo: Ewing Galloway

A GREAT DEAL of nonsense is talked about capitalism. Mischievous half-truths have been preached so much that thousands are beginning to believe that capital is an industrial and social disease instead of what it really is—a great and sustaining power for human well-being built by individual initiative and character.

Those willing to believe that capitalism is a selfish power, that it is the cause of most human misery and our present-day unemployment, show a lamentable ignorance of simple economic law.

It is not by generating strife that industrial or social welfare will be attained. The attack on capitalism would be more understandable if the critics could show some substantial achievement under a collectivist system. "Lack of capital" is always pleaded when the suggestion is made to these malcontents that they create an industrial concern of their own and successfully employ others.

The industrial and commercial history of our country is one revealing the triumph of individual effort. It is difficult to understand why those who showed self-reliance and a determination to succeed should now be abused because they have amassed wealth as a reward for their service.

Critics are also deficient in an elementary understanding of psychology. They have a distorted idea of human nature and a lack of appreciation of the tremendous, fundamental force of individual initiative. A world of men and women devoid of personal pride and ambition would be impossible even to imagine. Our civilization with its many and varied services, its science and invention, its continued social and material progress, is largely due to personal effort and the incentive of reward.

Neither is capital the preserve of any one class; it is a possession in some form or another of every individual. The engineer and the artist each has his particular capital as ability to execute a piece of work in metal or on canvas. The lawyer and the schoolmaster have, by dint of hard learning, to train their minds for their professions; and thus their mental equipment is their capital. The professional footballer and the boxer, the manufacturer, and the farmer possess capital in their respective public services, the former to give public pleasure and the latter to produce articles and food. The street seller with his barrow is as much a capitalist as is Gordon Selfridge with his great store; ambition, initiative, and self-expression spurred both men.

What happens when my efforts are rewarded and I am enabled to accumulate savings? I can put them in a bank for investment purposes, in a factory for supplying goods and employing labor, or in land for farming or building homes. There is only a difference of degree between a workingman who buys his own house, or puts his money in a Co-operative Society, and another man who puts his money in a factory or ships.

Neither is it true that capitalism *encourages* waste, either in material or in human service. On the contrary, capitalism compels energy, stimulates individual initiative, and influences all human progress, and must be preserved. It is proving itself adaptable to all the conceivable circumstances of modern civilization. In individuals it creates self-reliance and self-attainment. In nations its function is the same, only on a communal basis. It is answering all the exacting tests placed upon it by a civilization which is ever

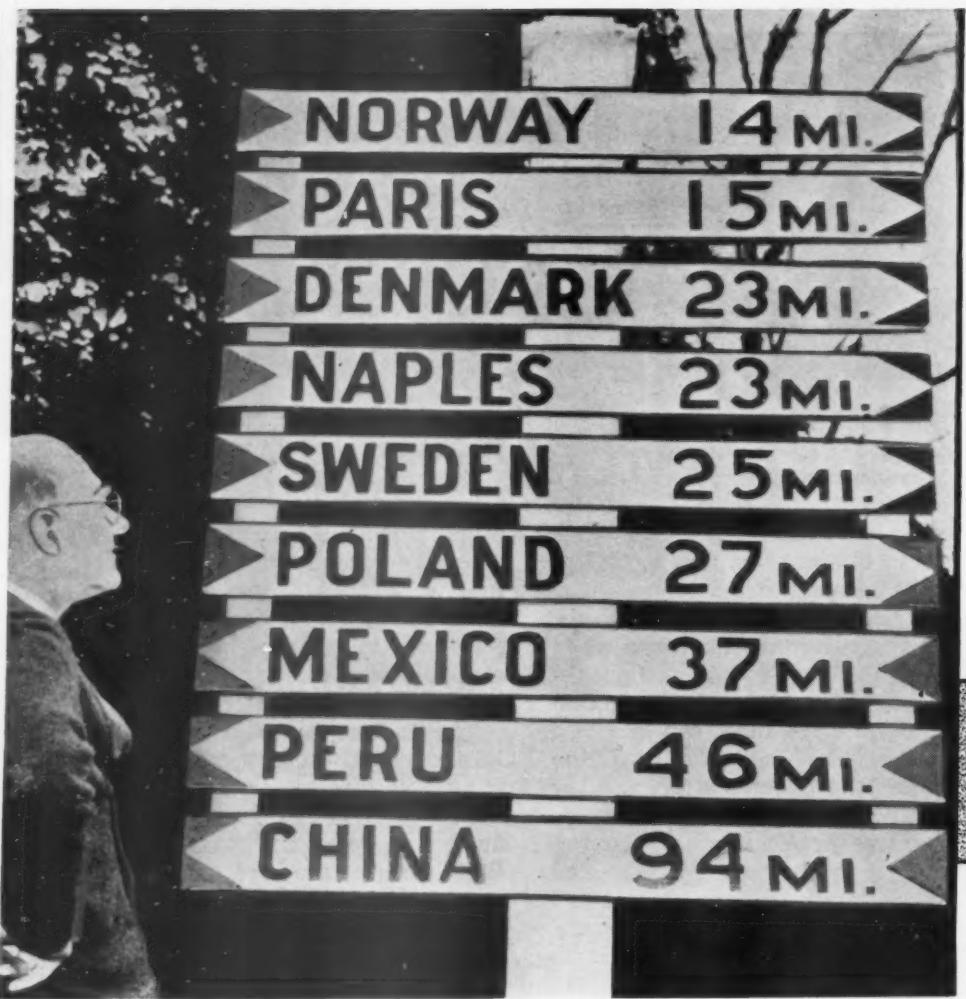
increasing in intensity its commercial and industrial enterprise.

Extremists mislead people into believing that the State is, apart from themselves, a capitalist invention for exploiting them. If they could crush the capitalist system and capture the State, the economic millennium would arrive. Nothing in our present-day public life is so cruelly misleading.

The State is the co-operative edifice erected by every citizen, irrespective of class or wealth, for every citizen of 21 years of age has an equal voice in government. State services are kept going and organized for the whole community out of taxation, direct and indirect, and all of us, according to our means, pay a co-equal share. But there are many who actually believe that if capitalism were abolished, there would be no more taxation, no more poverty, that the State would find work for the unfortunate unemployed. Those who preach such a doctrine apparently never stop to think where the money is coming from.

WE have today in the world two finest possible examples of capitalism and communism, in America and in Russia, respectively. The United States has a high standard of living and high wages; Russia, a low standard of living and low wages. These are eloquent facts!

If capitalism is looked upon with commonsense, we shall see it as the greatest servant of mankind and of our ordered, material, and social progress. It is so powerful today because it has supplied, and still supplies, the dynamic force necessary for disciplined, organized human effort and development. If such a system had not served well, it would have been dethroned years ago.



APT symbol of the diversity of America's racial and cultural roots is this roadside sign near Lynchtown, Maine. All towns listed are to be found in that New England State.

By Louis Adamic
Author, *The Native's Return; My America*

IT IS, of course, impossible to know in terms of demonstrable truth how the current world crisis will resolve itself. From the American (which is my) point of view, there are many disagreeable and even terrible *immediate* probabilities and possibilities ahead in the shifting international situation.

But something in me, which may not be mere optimism or wishful thinking, insists that once this taut period ends, whether in a year or a decade, we shall have acquired historical perspective. And then we shall see how even destructive and appalling maneuvers have indirectly and unwittingly become a factor in the swift development of the '40s, of great creative forces which, proceeding

from various sides, shall eventually organize the world on the basis of an intelligent, working internationalism, and start the ball rolling toward a more vital, hope-stirring, purposeful, and satisfying life for the average person everywhere.

Needless to say, this is not meant as an approval of the *blitz*. But it so happens that the *blitz* has converted the "muddling English" into a heroic nation, driven all of Europe to self-analysis, and put some of the most effective people in the New World on their toes and into a mood of endless sacrifice. Many of us in the United States have been abruptly freed of our complacency or drive for mere money, power, or fame. Suddenly we see ourselves clearly as an integral part of the world.

All at once we are sharply cognizant of many diseases, weaknesses, and fissures in our national make-up, and determined to deal

with them. And we are beginning to realize that some of the conditions and situations within the United States which often have been popularly regarded, and not without reason, as weaknesses are really, or could be made into, sources of positive and continuing strength and health—not only in moments of crisis, but generally and in the long run; not only for the United States, but for the world at large.

One of these is the unfortunately named "melting pot" situation. It is simultaneously one of the United States' gravest weaknesses and the repository of its greatest strength. The weakness lies in a kind of psychological civil war, which is being waged

Opport

among the several elements of the populations belonging to and stemming from various backgrounds; the strength, in the variety of our talents and characteristics, and in the emotions, motives, and impulses, that brought us, or most of us, to the New World during the past three centuries.

The problem is to stop this psychological civil war and begin to draw on the inner power of the story of the country. The present crisis, which has engulfed also the United States and the rest of the Western Hemisphere, presents, I believe, both the necessity and the opportunity to do this—necessity not only from the U. S.-American, but also from the hemispheric and world point of view. It is probable that the United States is a kind of testing ground for the idea of gradual fusion and merging of nations in the centuries immediately ahead, and it should be the ambition of U. S.-Americans to see that the test comes out a success.

Necessity requires the cessation of anti-alienism now frequently aimed not only at aliens or non-citizens, but also at naturalized

immigrants and even at their American-born children, whose names sound "foreign" or who "look Jewish" or "Italian" or "Armenian"; and of racism which forces into their respective corners of disadvantage such old-time stocks as the Indians. Anti-alienism and racism tend to make tens of millions of our people ashamed of, or uneasy about, their origins and backgrounds, and put them "on the spot," on the defensive, into complex psychological predicaments wherein they cannot function positively or fully as Americans and human beings. I know personally hundreds of such people who, owing to these attitudes toward them, coupled with the unfavorable economic condi-

ly anti-totalitarian and prodemocratic.

For two and a half years now, while engaged in an intensive study of the entire complex "melting pot" situation, I have been looking at the above-listed facts at close range. I know them to be facts, and was eager before the United States became emergency-conscious that they should, somehow, be made an intimate and valued mental property of the U.S.-American public.

Now, with the world crisis approaching a climax, I am more than eager about this; and, writing here for THE ROTARIAN upon request, I want to say as strongly as I can that nothing would suit me better than if the Rotary Clubs

Society in Crisis

tions, are contributing to the total effort of the country and the world only a fraction of what they could with their talents and skills.

Anti-alienism and racism are one thing in comparatively normal times, when they lead mostly to nasty name-calling and suggestions to "furriners" they go back where they came from. They are another matter in a period of extreme tension, when fear rises and impels multitudes of people to seek easy targets for blame and swift punishment in order to reinstate their own sense of symmetry and security in a world gone awry.

If not dealt with, alien baiting and racism now are liable to cause the United States to overlook such very important facts as these—that many Negroes, immigrants, and their United States-born sons and daughters are or want to be wholeheartedly American in the best sense of the term; that the loyalty to the United States of most of the foreign born, including the great majority of the 5 million registered aliens, is almost beyond adequate statement; that the overwhelming number of immigrants, like many of their American-born children, are passionate-

in the United States would focus more of their energies and alertness on this situation in their respective cities and towns. Through their regular meetings and through special community programs initiated by them, Rotarians can do much to make these positive facts part of the town's mental make-up. And, with this, I believe that the next phase of the situation—alien baiting, racism, and the rest of the psychological civil war I have mentioned—would tend to vanish automatically.

In spite of appearances here and there to the contrary, and although some of the leading citizens may insist those appearances are the deep-down truth of the situation in their town, I know that in various forms and degrees of intensity the psychological civil war is a fact in most United States communities with any considerable number and variety of foreign-born and second-generation people. In some places it is covered up, denied, or simply not recognized, and therefore apt to be more serious in its effect on individuals than where it is open.

Once I [Continued on page 64]



LILY PONS, French-born operatic star, who is appearing in a new role—that of an American citizen



AUTHOR ADAMIC came to the United States from his Yugoslavian home in 1913, was naturalized in 1918



THE LATE Charles P. Steinmetz, electrical wizard who left Germany, became an outstanding American

Photo: (top) Metropolitan Musical Bureau; (bottom) General Electric

West of the Hudson

By John Erskine

THE New Yorker admits that he lives in a port town, but he believes that a new consignment of the national future arrives on every boat. If you wish to see America in the making he'll direct you to Union Square, Greenwich Village, Harlem, Broadway, the Bowery, and the Bronx. Through these arteries, he thinks, courses the lifeblood upon which the whole country depends, the elixir which will keep it going until it is altogether like New York.

He realizes, of course, that his city is not all of America—just as the heart is not the whole body. Of the America which stretches indefinitely west of the Hudson and south of Staten Island, he has stubborn ideas, somewhat as follows: In the West and Southwest dwell undisciplined people with deep voices, keen eyes, and raw manners, who prefer the outdoors because there's no room indoors to carry guns. In the Southwest people live on horseback, never riding slower than a gallop: the movies prove that. The Deep South is inhabited by courteous men who lack energy and by charming women who talk a good deal. In the Middle West the citizens lean on the barbed-wire fence and curse the drought, stopping only to sprint for the cyclone cellar. Along the Northern border, which some New Yorkers confuse with Alaska, folks wear furs and get around on snowshoes.

And all these people, the New Yorker is convinced, are reconciled to their present life by the hope that some day they may move to the Great City.

The New Yorker's opinion may have been correct in former times, but it is not true now, and perhaps the change should be pointed out by a New Yorker like myself. In recent decades it has become doubtful whether my native city is in the deepest sense a part of America. Perhaps it is rather a convenient stopping place for Europeans on their migration westward. The continued lure of New York is probably for those



BORN AND BRED a New Yorker, John Erskine is qualified, if anyone is, to analyze the New York mentality. He taught English at Columbia University for years, is a director of the Juilliard School of Music. His widely read novels—"The Private Life of Helen of Troy," "Galahad," "Adam and Eve," and "Solomon, My Son!" to name but a few—reflect his knowledge of men's sundry ways.—Editors.

Americans who are not doing well at home.

It is difficult for the New Yorker to realize that in the broad field of culture America and New York are going separate ways. Even the most educated of us in our port town know that America has long been making astounding cultural progress, but we are slow to see that the American ideal of culture is essentially different from ours. It has grown out of local needs and tastes, and it has been nourished by native resources. In New York we still define culture in terms of an imitation of Europe; we still are engaged in the futile task which Emerson and other true American leaders deplored, of trying to impose old ideals of culture upon a life which left to itself would not produce them.

The immediate result of this bifurcation in the New York spirit is that when we first visit America, we look for some of those frontier characteristics which leg-

end has made familiar, and only with effort do we teach ourselves to observe America's actual condition. I offer myself as an example of this New York blindness.

When I first saw the Southwest, I was looking for men who carried guns. I must admit that I've never seen a Westerner using a pistol, but on my first trip from New York to America I did come to a place, in Texas, where a gun had been used very effectively only a month before. It was a new town made important by the discovery of oil, and I lectured at its university, which was ten years old. The morning after the lecture, a charming, gray-haired professor showed me the town.

"What I like chiefly about your place," I said at last, "isn't the architecture so much as the people—that handsome young fellow, for example, who spoke to you a moment ago."

"Ah, yes," said the professor, "you mean Jim—poor Jim!"

"What's poor about him?"

"Well, you see, he's been in trouble."

"What trouble?"

"To tell you the truth," said the professor, "we don't like to talk of it, out of regard for him and his mother, but last month he killed a man."

"An accident?"

"Not exactly," said the professor. "Jim aimed straight."

"I suppose it's all right," said I, "but why do you sympathize with Jim instead of with the fellow he killed?"

"It was on account of Jim's mother," said the professor. "She's a fine lady if there ever was one—been a widow quite a while—decided to marry again, against Jim's advice."

"Well," said I, "even a parent has some rights."

"She oughtn't to have married him," said the professor. "He wasn't good enough. He wasn't a gentleman. He got drunk. Her friends warned her, but she was headstrong. A week after the honeymoon he liquored up one

night, and when she expostulated, he struck her."

The professor stopped, as though there were nothing more to say.

"What happened then?"

"Then," said the professor, "why, the very next morning the fool walked right past Jim's door!"

"When does the trial come off?" said I.

"It's come already," said the professor. "Two weeks ago."

"Is Jim out on bail?"

"He's acquitted! The whole town went down to see him through."

"Would you mind telling me," I asked, "on what ground he got off?"

For the first time the professor permitted himself to smile. "There was some talk about self-defense—lawyer's talk—but the general feeling was that the fellow needed to be shot, and we were grateful to Jim."

Later in the day I met Jim, a tall, slender youth with gentle blue eyes, the type that wouldn't

hurt a fly. He wore a well-fitting suit, buttoned tight.

Afterward I asked the professor if Jim still carried a gun. "I looked him over carefully," said I, "but I couldn't detect a sign of it."

"You know," said the professor, "I was born in this State and I've spent all my days here, yet I've never seen a gun till it was needed."

I report that incident—one of many I collected—only to point out the important things which at the time I overlooked. If I had not been determined to discover the frontier, I should have attached no weight to the wrong things. What I ought to have noticed in Western universities was the attitude toward education, the success with which the academic architecture was adapted to educational needs, and the admirably democratic relation between teachers and taught.

The young people were going to school not because their parents could think of nothing better to do with them at the time,

not to make social acquaintances merely, not to achieve with the degree a slightly snobbish advantage over less fortunate contemporaries, but to fit themselves for the special career they had in mind. The teachers were simply older folk who, having learned more of life, could share their knowledge with the next generation. Outside of class, faculty and students met on easy self-respecting terms, as man with man. Inside the classroom, in the true democratic way, the teacher's authority rested on the respect he could create for himself by producing the goods. The University's past did not count. America, I found, is interested in the present and in the future.

The Middle West provides rich illustrations. If some business errand compelled the New Yorker to make the acquaintance of South Dakota or of Iowa or of Kansas, he would have his eyes open only for the parched earth he had read of in the dust-bowl reports. Yet all around him would be achieve-

THE City of NEW YORK is unique—it is a nation within a NATION. Its inhabitants, of which there are some 7,000,000, are called NEW YORKERS. This MAP is presented, after patient research, as a composite of the NEW YORKERS' ideas concerning THE UNITED STATES...

LET THEM SPEAK
We have cousins in the West... They live in Wisconsin, Delaware. He is moving to Dallas so he can be near his little brother in El Paso.

Indiana was an Indian Reservation until just recently, wasn't it?

So you are moving to Indianapolis; you must let me give you a letter to my niece in Minneapolis.

Oh yes! he entered the Marathon Swim from Los Angeles to Hawaii....



A New Yorker's Idea of THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Copyright by Daniel K. Wallingford, 452 West 144th St., New York

ments in the arts, in education, in civilization, hard to match in the older Atlantic States.

Right up through the buffalo-grass roots of the prairie has come a cultural movement woven into campus life at a small college with a big name—Dakota Wesleyan University—at Mitchell in South Dakota. Here in the heart of what the late Hamlin Garland fondly termed America's "middle border" a group called Friends of the Middle Border is making the region aware of its indigenous creativeness, past, present, future.

Its Dakota Art Gallery, with pictures strung up and down college halls, I am told, is the first public art gallery in the State. In it are represented such pioneer artists as Audubon, Kurz, Bodmer, and Catlin, and Dakota-born Levon West and Harvey Dunn. Students assiduously search for homesteaders' and miners' folksongs of sod-

shanty and log-cabin days, for quilts and literature, and other examples of the creative impulse at work along the middle border. Regular college courses are impregnated with the flavor of the region.

In painting and in literature Iowa has become self-conscious. The New Yorker, of course, knows Grant Wood and Phil Stong. But unless he has visited Iowa and cured himself of his preconceptions, he is not likely to know what deep roots feed this sturdy movement in the arts, nor how long and how steadily it has been growing. Painting and literature in this part of the country express a natural hunger of the people for self-articulation, a reaching after beauty, not of the prettified or conventional kind, but faithfully reporting the life which men and women honestly lead.

One of the signs of liberation from the past is an affectionate, perhaps a humorous, interest in old customs and costumes. Iowans, like the Dakotans, have a history. They know what it is, but its respectability does not go to their head. Their inclination is to keep their past up-to-date by playing with it.

When I lectured recently at the University of Iowa, Grant Wood carried me off to a meeting of the club which he and kindred spirits have founded for the entertainment of itinerant speechmakers. Their clubhouse is a large second-story room in a downtown business building, furnished with Iowa antiques — plush-covered chairs, embroidery-covered tables, quaint reading lamps, and still quainter wall pictures. There is an old melodeon. The club keeps at hand an assortment of wigs, false

beards, and mustaches, curled in the best style of early Iowa. The guest is allowed to choose his disguise, and when he has assumed the outward appearance of the frontier characters he has been hoping to find, his picture is taken and placed in a plush-bound album.

IN THIS Middle West section the agelong gulf between the artist and natural people is broken down. If a postman or a carpenter in New York used his spare hours for painting landscapes, and if he painted well, the New York art lover would probably feel the man was working under a handicap, and would consider it a kindness to pry him loose from his trade so that he could do nothing but paint. In Iowa I've heard of women who do the family cooking, even the family washing, and in their few spare moments write poems or stories. For the most part they seem too sensible to withdraw utterly from life and then do nothing but write. It is life that they wish to write about, and they get their material from daily tasks.

When I first visited the campus of Cornell College, at Mount Vernon, Iowa, I noticed a number of girls and boys out of doors, with easels and palettes, busy sketching the landscape. I assumed, of course, that they were students in the art department, but I was informed they were just students. In time I grasped the point.

At this same college I heard the performances at the annual music festival, the reputation of which reaches far beyond State boundaries. The music was of the best, but what impressed me most was the audience—a large group of

Photos: (left) Rotary Club of Texarkana, Ark.-Tex.; (below) Mile High; (far right) Woods



OVER a million Americans heard speakers at Rotary's Institutes of Understanding this year. Above: Walter Pitkin before a Texas group.

people, of all ages, some of them coming many miles, most of them better prepared, I should judge, to enjoy and evaluate what they heard than any but the choicest of audiences in the East. As a New Yorker, I had expected that their experience of the world would have been gathered chiefly from their own section, but as I watched them one evening in the auditorium, I had a curious feeling that they might be more cosmopolitan than I.

This impression was justified, after one of the concerts, when I was taken to what the natives say was a typical Iowa home, and discovered that my host and hostess were in the habit of going abroad every year. They seem to take it for granted that anybody who could would travel frequently. I was grateful for their tact in not investigating the amount of foreign travel I do.

If I have spoken here so much of progress in art, it is not because I fail to recognize that in America, as in New York, social, political, and economic problems are real and pressing. But in the West the social importance of the arts is established not according to an educational or cultural theory, but in answer to a popular conviction. Iowa, always a practical State, seems deeply convinced of the vital possibilities of art in the molding of a better social world.

Kansas and Missouri have their own art movements, parallel to Iowa's and somewhat in rivalry with it, as though the States were backing their favorite ball teams. Art as a public interest is doing well when it rises to the level of athletics. The average Kansan, if painting is mentioned, will hasten to say that John Stewart Curry is

every bit as good as Grant Wood. In Missouri they say that Curry and Wood do well enough in their way, but Thomas Hart Benton lives in Kansas City.

On other grounds also Kansas City is remarkable. It possesses one of the best-designed and best-appointed art museums in the country, a building far in advance of anything of its kind in New York. It has one of the most interesting and socially appealing of war memorials. But the Kansas City of today may have its place in history because of what its public schools are doing for American music, under the remarkable leadership of Mabelle Glenn. The children are really taught not merely to sound certain notes, but to sound them correctly, to breathe properly, and to place the tone. Not merely a few chosen talents are taught, but *all* the children. Miss Glenn takes you into any of her schools and lets you hear in each of them student choruses which can put to shame most of the adult choirs heard in the East.

SINCE practically every choir-master or choirmistress in town was once a pupil of Miss Glenn's, it's natural that churchgoers in this district hear a quality of sacred music which, however they may be accustomed to it, must astonish the patient ears of Heaven.

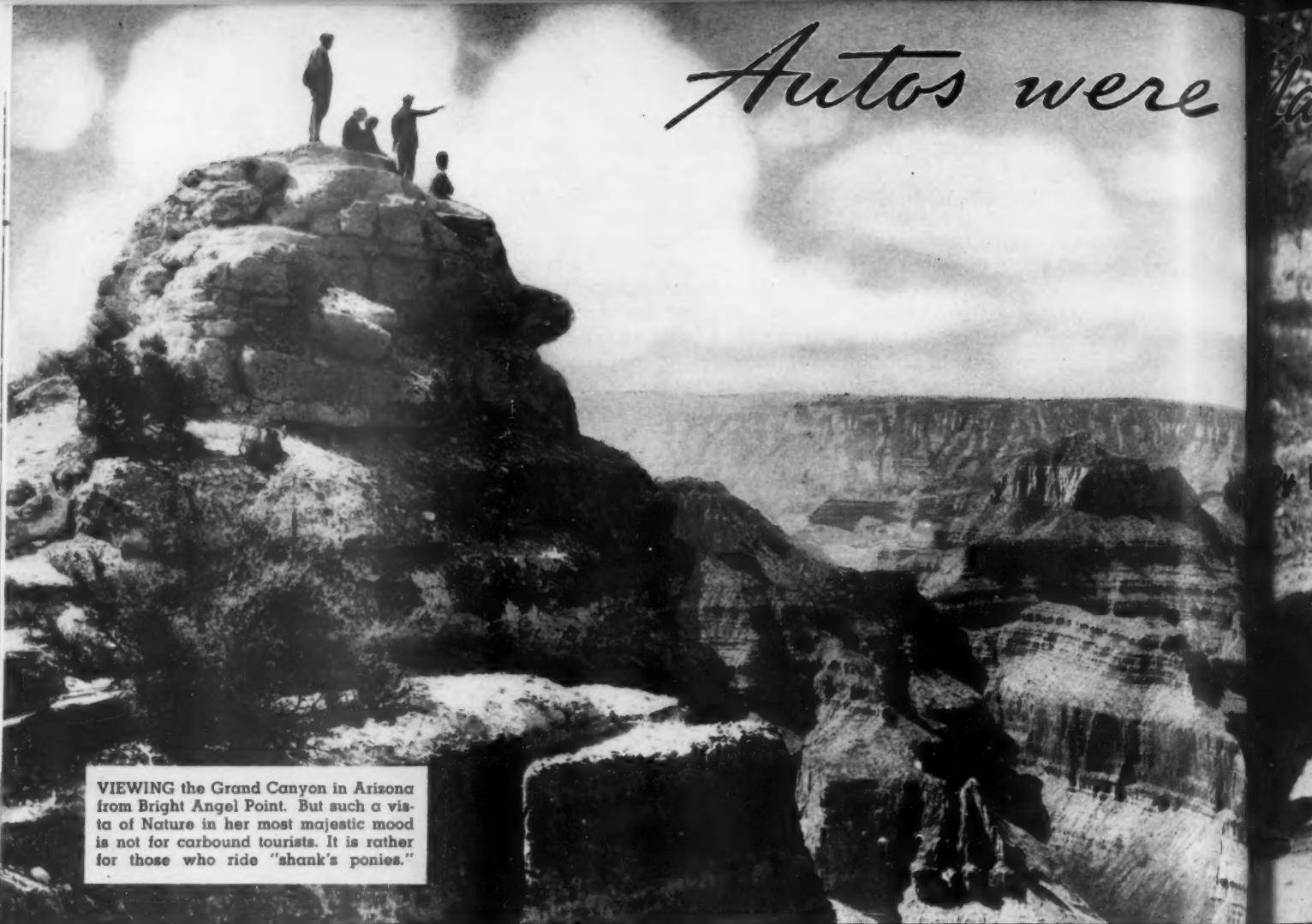
You find interesting music in Kentucky, too, but my attention was engaged rather by the Kentuckian's disposition toward literature. When I met some thousands of schoolteachers at several of their recent conventions, I was fascinated by the creative attitude they reported in their pupils and illustrated in

themselves. One young man who teaches English in what I suppose is a fairly isolated community, showed me some poems written by his class, and then, shifting from pride to eager bashfulness, offered me some verses of his own. All the little pieces had quality, such as is possible only in art that comes by inner compulsion, directly from life. I asked why the writing was all in verse. He explained that many of the older Kentuckians, his own mother for example, know by heart the traditional English ballads, though they think of them as ballads, forgetting they're from England.

Now swing west to Colorado. The appetite of Denver for economic and political enlightenment, for music and drama, has no bottom. It's a rare day that Denverites don't attend a noteworthy public forum, or some musical [Continued on page 67]



ENCOURAGING school orchestras and bands is a common activity among Rotary Clubs. Instruments and uniforms are often supplied.



VIEWING the Grand Canyon in Arizona from Bright Angel Point. But such a vista of Nature in her most majestic mood is not for carbound tourists. It is rather for those who ride "shank's ponies."

WHOMO DOES not know Thoreau's reply to the person who asked, "Do you think the steamcoach is better than the stagecoach?"

"Yes," he replied, "if they carry better men; otherwise it is meanness going faster."

This friendly chat is concerned with walkers and motorists, but not with their relative morality. Yet I, who have reached midlife, find myself recalling, with nostalgia, the days of my boyhood when a buggy ride over the ten winding, wooded miles to the lake, and the slow return under the stars—after catching a string of bass—was *an event*. Equally slow and distant drives to the blueberry patch with my grandparents fill the measure of memory to the brim. Even when the automobile burst into the 20th Century, at the terrific speed of 14 miles an hour, riders retained the use of their legs because motorists who clattered up the road frequently *walked back*. But walking is rapidly becoming a lost art—so

much so that an apostle of sauntering, such as I, is almost regarded as a crackpot.

One Autumn day, after the schoolmarm and tourists had gone home, I hired a wag of a cowboy as guide and rode a mule into the awesome depths of the Grand Canyon of Arizona. As we zigzagged down Bright Angel Trail, my guide told me how he had seen strong men burst into tears as they looked, for the first time, into that 12-mile-wide and mile-deep abyss, while other persons became hysterical. "But," Bill concluded, "the dudes who took the cake were the folks who dashed up to the south rim of the Canyon, looked into the hole for fifteen minutes, and then shouted, 'Let's get stickers for our baggage and go places. We've *seen* the Grand Canyon.' I recalled how, emerging from the Kaibab Forest, I had come suddenly to the Brink of Awe. After long contemplation, I returned to the Lodge and wired home: "Here Silence and Awe link hands and bow before the god

of Beauty." The highways of America are crowded with tourists who boom along hour after hour, day after day, intent upon reaching some spot of scenic beauty, but, after they arrive, they keep within sight of their parked cars.

It was on a granite shoulder of Pikes Peak, in whose domain I once spent several months cracking out fossils, visiting old mines, and sharing the lives of the people, that I first heard the most popular story in Colorado. I'm told that thousands of Rotarians and their wives and children are going to gather in Denver in June for Rotary's 1941 Convention. Lucky people! I am apple-green with envy . . . for there is no land in the world more beautiful than that middle, mountainous slice of Colorado. Certainly take your car. It will get you into the beauty. But to see it, get out and walk. What about the story? I'll come back to it a bit later.

While photographing Crater Lake, in Oregon, I met a father and his children who had chosen

Made for Walkers

By Harry Elmore Hurd

the better part. The man was a carpenter, with a modest wage, and his car had reached a new low in the used-car mart. He said to me, "I never expect to make enough money to leave any of it to my children, but I am taking them to a different national park each Summer so they will know this beautiful country in which we live." What a heritage for those children!

I would be the last wanderer to decry the sheer joy of floating along a scenic highway, but all too many tourists remind me of the timeworn story of a Chinese visitor to New York City. The stranger's host seized him by the arm, dragged him out of the subway car in which they were going uptown, and hurried him to another track where a train was rapidly filling. "We save 15 minutes by making this change," the American explained.

"And what will we do with the 15 minutes?" the Chinese gentleman inquired, reflectively.

If a visitor from another world

were to ask me, "What is the greatest gift of the automobile to modern society?" I would reply, "The automobile *should be* the greatest boon to walkers." Obviously, the primary function of the motorcar is transportation to and from places, but its social use should be extended to the field of walking. In this age of cheap and fast transportation for the entire family, the humblest car-owner may walk the remotest trails.

When I was camping in the Mount Lassen area, in California, the Government was building a modern highway to the base of America's only living volcano. I would not exchange 1,000 miles of such concrete for my horseback ride through dark forests . . . across meadows blue with wild lupine and maroon with manzanita . . . upward, past quiet water to the base of Mount Lassen and Brokeoff Peak, where we picketed our horses and began the climb to the smoldering crater. I am perversely thankful for the fact that Hell's Kitchen, Cinder Cone

'T WOULD take a flint heart to scorn a trio of beggars as beguiling as these. While the background is Yellowstone National Park, it might have been almost any other great Western preserve.

Photo: (above) Henryk

—the most perfect cone in the world—and Boiling Lake are reserved for those who walk or ride a horse.

One may drive his car to Glacial Point, on the rim of Yosemite Valley, but unless he walks, or rides a mule, he cannot know the beauty of the trail that runs beneath Half Dome, winding past Vernal and Nevada Falls, and upward to the levels of vision. He who motors to the rim to *save time* shall not suddenly become aware of a wondering-eyed doe standing near enough to touch. To the loiterer, little beauties become titanic against the breathtaking majesty of the granitic pinnacles of the high Sierras.

John Muir, so intimately associated with Yosemite, observed, "The tendency nowadays to wander in the wildernesses is delightful to see. Thousands of tired, nerve-shaken, overcivilized people are beginning to find out that going to the mountains is going home, that wilderness is a necessity, and that mountain parks and



THE SNOOPY chipmunk that nibbled crumbs from your cabin steps may be one small jewel you will add to your string of vacation memories.



NOR WILL YOU forget that desert picture of a thirsty man and his patient burro . . . and you will learn a new respect for Nature's artisans when you spy that aspen some beaver felled.



reservations are useful not only as fountains of timber and irrigating rivers, but also as fountains of life." There are obviously thousands of persons who use automobiles for walking, but there are more thousands of joy riders who remind me of a friend who had visited Rome. When I asked him if he had gone to the grave of John Keats, he turned to his wife, inquiring, "Did we go there?"

"I will look it up in our diary," she replied.

We make record "runs" and return home jaded and uninspired. When a professional man from the East boasted to me that he had crossed the North American Continent in ten days, I knew that he was more interested in his motor than in the magic of mountains, the polychromes of fertile plains, and the perennial wonder of the path of the pioneers.

Drifting out of my hotel, in Winnemucca, Nevada, I overheard a man's wife express a desire to visit one of the old mines in that region. As I had just returned from The Pride of the Mountains, from which 5 million dollars in gold had been trekked across the desert, in prairie schooners, to Sacramento, California, and then shipped to Swansea, Wales, for smelting, I volunteered to guide the Easterners up to one of the most famous mines in the desert. Indicating the gap in the side of Winnemucca Mountain in which The Pride of the Mountains is located, I explained, "You can drive up an old ore road to within a 20-minute walk of the mine." The men of the party were flustered . . . the woman with a

great desire to see an old mine was embarrassed . . . the driver, yanking out his watch, protested, "Oh, we couldn't take time to go up there." These tourists had crossed the wide American Continent to see the West, but when they arrived, they did not have time to experience either the physical or the historical charm of the land where "Men are men and the plumbing is in the back yard."

How strange it must seem to modern trippers to read William Hazlitt, who walked alone, reading "the book of Nature," and, after the leisure of the byway, enjoyed the "incognito of an inn," where he became "the gentleman in the parlor."

Robert Louis Stevenson wrote:

*Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around
And the road before me.*

The poet was walking — not roaring along the highway with his eyes glued to the concrete. Even those outdoor enthusiasts who haul their trailers into public parking lots seldom enter into the peace of Stevenson when he writes: "You may dally as long as you like by the roadside. It is almost as if the millennium were arrived, when we shall throw our clocks and watches over the housetop, and remember time and seasons no more. Not to keep hours for a lifetime is, I was going to say, to live forever."

Being a New Hampshire Yankee, I often hear my friends tell of their quick week-end trips through the White Mountains. Yet when I ask them whether they stopped to look at The Ele-

Photos: (center left) Cy La Tour; (below left) Korth; (below) Henryk; (top right) Colorado Association; (center) Denver Post; (bottom) Eust

A "GAS-AND-POP" stand the ad L

phant or to get out and shout against Eagle Cliff to hear their voices ricochet from rocky barriers, I find they have seen nothing that cannot be seen through a car window.

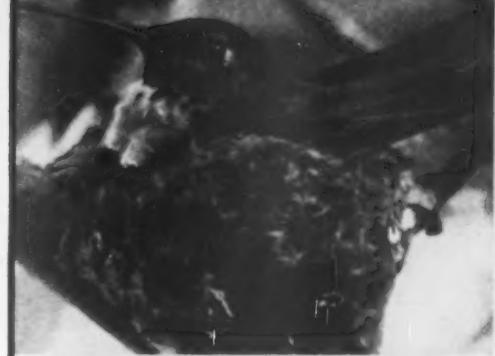
The good John Burroughs affirms, "This is a lesson the American has yet to learn—capability of amusement on a low key. He expects rapid and extraordinary returns. . . . He has nothing to invest in a walk; it is too slow, too cheap. We crave the astonishing, the exciting, the faraway, and do not know the highways of the gods when we see them—always a sign of the decay of the faith and simplicity of man." He also says, with a smile, "The devil never yet asked his victims to take a walk with him."

I have seen most of these United States, from topmost Maine to tipmost Florida and from the Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific coast; therefore I am thankful for the arteries of travel that link the feature spots of Great America. My grandfather could not have lived long enough to see with his horse and buggy what I have seen, which reminds me that I, like him, have experienced some of my most joyful days not more than a buggy ride from home. While our friends burn up the roads, my wife and I motor to the green solitude where we found the first hepatica, or dogtooth violet, last Spring, or where we came suddenly upon our first broad-leaved beech fern, or I ran down and netted a butterfly not in my collection of Lepidoptera. Ride all day if you will—we prefer to lunch by a laughing brook, to

chat, to hike, to read until the stars bloom like meadow rue. Thoreau may be right when he says, "It requires a direct dispensation from Heaven to become a walker," but I believe that most persons can be cured of automobilitis if they will adopt a new philosophy of motoring. If you are not already "a *Sainte-Terre*—a Saunterer, a Holy-Lander," resolve to become one. Say to your companions in joy, "Let's fill a shoebox with lunch and drive until we find a quiet spot and spend the day looking at flowers, listening to the birds, and enjoying woodland beauty." A Nature hobby will add new zest to your trips to field and woodland, but the crystal-clear healthfulness of just walking out of doors will cure you forever of the 20th-Century disease known as automobilitis and make of any day a holy day—a true holiday. And you who are about to invade the West . . . what holidays you have before you!

Which reminds me of my Colorado story. I first heard it on a hike around Pikes Peak. Two Easterners, it seems, set out one day to walk from Denver to Pikes Peak. It would be just a few hours' jog, they thought, for the mountain seemed to lie right there before them in crystalline vividness. They walked all day toward it, and yet it came no closer. At dusk they approached an irrigation ditch, one so narrow that they could have leaped it without effort. But one of the hikers suddenly began to strip off his clothing. His friend asked why.

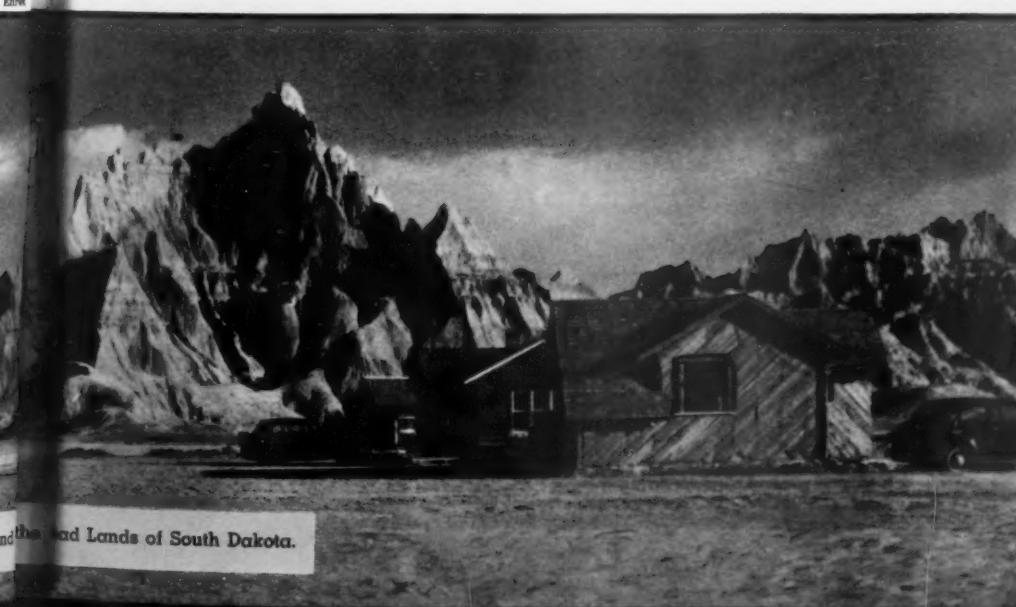
"You can never tell in this country," was the answer.



A HUMMINGBIRD on the nest—rare sight—may reward your vacation tramp, for the flowered Rockies are much favored by the tiny species.



IF YOU'VE the skill, you'll want to preserve your Western memories in oil—and what lovelier subject than a field of columbine, Colorado's flower, such as the misses below have come on.



and the bad Lands of South Dakota.



Buy at Wholesale?



Illustrations by John Norment

GETTING goods at prices retailers pay appeals to many consumers in the United States, and presumably it is true elsewhere as well. The National Retail Furniture Association has estimated that 15 percent of American furniture purchases are through "privilege buying"—a dealer loss amounting to 150 million dollars a year.

Buying at wholesale characteristically is done (1) through friendship with someone having wholesale privileges, (2) by company buying for employees, and (3) by firms, allegedly wholesale, granting "courtesy cards."

Not unnaturally, the "yes" side of the question is unpopular among readers of this magazine, yet in keeping with the impartiality of the debates - of - the month it must be presented. So, utilizing an old legalistic device, we first present the hypothetical case of "the Devil's advocate."—EDS.



'Everybody's Doing It'

Says the Devil's Advocate

Address: Anywhere, Anytime

ONE MIGHT just as well be a realist about this matter. It is a fact that most of us do not have too much money—or at least we think we haven't. So we buy at as favorable prices as we can.

Distribution costs are high. The Twentieth Century Fund estimates that 59 out of 100 cents spent goes to distribution. Everybody, from manufacturer to consumer, is trying to save money on that. At least, retailers often ship by truck, though doing so reduces revenues for the railroads, which are vital to any country's well-being and pay heavy taxes.

So, the consumer shouldn't be

blamed too much for saving money by buying wholesale—if he can. Maybe he just doesn't care for the delivery and other special services the retailer offers. He may take the position that he can, for example, carry his own purchases home, install them if that is necessary, and take his own chances on them proving satisfactory.

Sure, every community needs its stores. But is there any real reason to think that a little short-cutting here and there on unusual or big purchases by a few customers makes a serious problem?

Well, now, Rotarians, it's your turn to speak up.

'Live and Let Live'

Concludes Leo H. Blass

*Men's Clothing Retailer
Morrison, Illinois*

I MAKE my purchases at home, so my fellow merchants can make a profit. They, in their turn, give me their trade. Thus, we are all better off.

The only time I purchase anything wholesale, apart from merchandise in my own store, is when I am unable to find something in my town, and I have the right to buy it directly through my normal trade channels. This does not happen very often.

'Fixed Prices' the Answer

Suggests Maurice F. Byrd

*Gasoline and Oil Retailer
Magnolia, Arkansas*

WHEREVER possible, I should like to see a fixed base price, nation-wide. If everybody could buy wholesale, there would be no benefit in retail outlets.

From the figures I have seen, about one-fifth of the tires and other accessories we handle are sold at wholesale to retail users.

That's a big chunk of business to lose.

In the oil-and-gas line, only a little less than 3 percent is sold at wholesale. We have bulk prices for large users who can take a quantity at one time, and I even pay retail price for my own gasoline at the pumps. The only things I get wholesale are specials from my own stock.

Retail prices cover only cost of goods in our town, plus the cost of handling, including the retailer's own living. Every time you buy something wholesale you are taking something away from the man who serves you.

When you buy a tire, for instance, at retail, you get it put on. If it goes sour, you get an immediate adjustment. If you buy it wholesale, you pay to have it put on or else you put it on yourself. If it needs attention—you know the rest!

If there were a fixed basic price on tires, they would probably be cheaper than the present retail price for everybody, because with 20 percent more tire business, almost any service station could make up in volume what it loses in margin.

Robs Retailers of a Living

Declares Carl Berglund

*Automotive-Supplies Dealer
Quincy, Massachusetts*

PERHAPS I am the more bitter about it because so many people buy "wholesale" in my line. I read in *Business Week* of a survey which showed that 17.8 percent of all auto heaters are bought wholesale by retail users. People buy at wholesale 20.9 percent of the mechanical refrigerators and 20.1 percent of the radios; tires run up to 32.8 percent.

We hear every day, "I can get it for you wholesale through a friend of mine," and I think the whole



thing a fraud on the retailers, and robs them of a living.

Lots of things sell at such close margin that there's no temptation to buy wholesale. But on the stuff with a big margin, the retailer generally makes no more year in and year out than the small-margin fellow. Because his volume is so much smaller, he has to make more per item. And when you cut his profit out, you not only rob him, but you also keep the price up for others, as well.

Wholesale Not Wholesale

Declares M. A. Bredesen
Stationery-Store Proprietor
Beloit, Wisconsin

THE TERM "buying at wholesale" can be a very tricky statement. The purchaser is *not* getting it wholesale in many cases. We have had opportunities to hook up with a "wholesale" furniture outfit. The idea is to have us send the "suckers" there and give us a percentage of the sale. However, we wouldn't think of sending anyone to such a place.

I have mixed feelings about a firm buying for employees at wholesale. I am opposed to wholesale buying for individuals, but, on the other hand, I like to see a shopman save some money on a big purchase. He does not, in most cases, save so much as he thinks.

In the first place, the large firm does not get the same price the retailer does—it's higher. By the time the expenses are added, the price is not much below the one

the retailer charges. And then, of course, the deal is ended—the buyer gets no service with it. In many cases, too, he must take something that isn't standard.

Keep Profit at Home

Urge John Cronin
Commercial Banker
Bartlesville, Oklahoma

CERTAINLY I can buy at wholesale—and just as certainly I do not and won't, because I cannot help my community that way, and my institution can progress only as does my community.

It may seem hard to pass up a chance for a sizable dollar saving on a purchase—but the profit is the money that stays in town, and that's the money that builds up our community.

Buyers Are Often Fooled

Finds Charles W. Baum
Retail Jeweler
Wheeling, West Virginia

USUALLY the chap who thinks he is getting a wholesale price is actually getting a discount from a jacked-up "list" price; and if he checks up—as he seldom does—he finds he pays retail price or more.

I know that watches, which I sell, are often sold wholesale, but I also know that the standard

brands are not—so it's usually an off brand you get wholesale. And you get no guaranty or service.

I've known cases, too, where people were so tickled at getting something "wholesale" they didn't check up, and have paid 75 or 80 percent of list price for items that every retail store sells at 60 percent of list.

Maybe you are getting it wholesale—or maybe you're only getting it in the neck when you buy at "wholesale."

Saps 'Free Enterprise'

Says Kenneth C. Fritzler
Attorney-at-Law
Oxford, Nebraska

THE FREE enterprise system under which we live supposes that a man enters business to make a reasonable profit.

"Free enterprise" supposes some sort of ethical basis that all businessmen hold to. Price cutting on standard materials has never been favored, because it often is based on unethical grounds.

Buying at wholesale is a form of price cutting. There is nothing wrong in a businessman buying his personal goods at the price he pays for his store goods, but beyond that, selling goods at wholesale prices comes under the classification of unfair competition,



for the "free enterprise" system supposes that capital is spread about the country, not concentrated unduly in large centers. Wholesale selling to retail customers bypasses local stops, tends to concentrate funds in large centers.

I know that there is a temptation to buy larger units at wholesale, and there are many wholesalers who think the size of an order permits such practices—but for one never-to-be-repeated order, he cuts the ground under the feet of his own outlet, the local retailer, who would send him not only this one order, but others.

Furthermore, concentration of orders through the retailer would increase sales to a point where distribution costs would be lower.

'Retailers Support Me'

Says Guy W. Bradford

*Radio-Station Operator
Weslaco, Texas*

WE COULDN'T get along without retail establishments — they are the backbone of any community. The retailers support our churches and schools, pay taxes.

What's more, they support me. I depend on the retail establishments in a large measure for my business. Why shouldn't I support them in return?

Perhaps it is selfish, but that is at the bottom of my plan for supporting all retail establishments that give good service and handle good merchandise. I do not buy at wholesale, and I will not do it so long as there are retailers in my community who can give me the things that I need at fair prices.

Retailer 'Forgotten Man'

Believes Howard Burke

*School Principal
Westfield, Massachusetts*

AN ARTICLE in *Coronet* estimates that half a billion dollars is spent each year by retail customers buying "wholesale." J. Hudson Huffard, president of the National Retail Furniture Association, tells of one large firm that buys 14 million dollars a year at wholesale for its employees.

This is short-circuiting the legit-

imate channels of consumer distribution. The place of the retailer in our economic scheme has never been appreciated. His position as servicer, advisor, and (if a credit seller) nonprofit banker or credit extension agent has just been taken for granted.

More sinned against than sinning, he is "the forgotten man" of our daily commercial life.

Natural to Save, but—

Opines W. Christofferson

*Machine-Shop Executive
Astoria, Oregon*

IBELIEVE it is natural for us to save all we can wherever we can. Yet, if everybody bought at wholesale for this friend and that relative—why, in the long run, it would catch up with us in our own business and we would all lose business. So maybe it isn't saving after all!

'We Need Middleman'

Says Wm. H. Barnes

*Life Insurance Underwriter
Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania*

WHILE I have never bought anything at wholesale, and have no present intention of doing so, I would not like to swear that circumstances may not arise to make me change—but I do not think so.

We need the middleman, and when I am buying from the retailer, I am buying *more* service than when I buy at wholesale.

What would become of the retailer and the services he renders if we all bought at wholesale? Think of having to wait a week for a handkerchief to be shipped! What of buying a dozen shirts, run of sizes, as retailers do?

The retailer renders a service, and his profit is the price we pay for that service. You cannot always get "something for nothing!"

Hurts Wholesalers, Too

Points Out Carl D. Curtis

*Hardware and Lumber Dealer
Silverton, Colorado*

I AM a small independent dealer and I know that the practice of "buying it wholesale" is ruining

my fellow merchants throughout the land.

When a wholesaler sells small quantities, he is cutting his own throat as well, because his markup is based on selling big quantities, not retail ones.

Let a wholesaler begin selling at retail and he not only kills the retailer, but also he takes on the retailer's costs. First thing you know, he's busted, too!

Give Every Man a Chance!

Asks W. M. Fritsch

*Railroad Executive
Sebastopol, California*

GIVE every fellow a chance to make a living. If we all bought all or even part of our merchandise wholesale, there would be no small merchants.

The small merchant is the backbone of our community, and he is certainly entitled to the fair, legitimate profit that makes it possible for him to conduct his business.

We hear that "the cost of distribution is too high"—but did you ever stop to figure that much of that distribution cost is really service? It costs money to transport goods, and it costs money to store the goods and have them on hand, to deliver them and install them—to name only a few of the services lumped in "distribution."

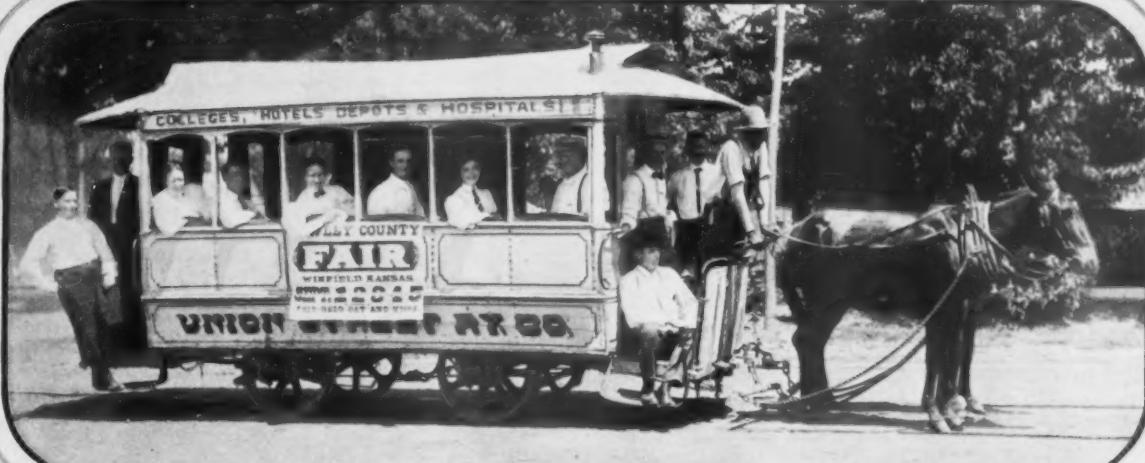
As a Wholesaler Sees It

By Horton J. Davis

*Coal Mining and Wholesaler
Corry, Pennsylvania*

WHERE the retail merchants do not handle the items that are wanted, it may be all right to purchase direct. But buying articles at wholesale is not helping the local businessman, and I feel that he is entitled to this business whenever possible.

As a wholesaler, I would not think of soliciting or accepting a lot of small orders to make a carload. This is retail business, and the retailer is rightfully entitled to this. That is the reason I have retailers for customers. If a retail store in our city carries or can get the article I need, I would not get it wholesale and deprive the merchant of business that is his.



MERRILY WE ROLL ALONG

By William F. McDermott



AMBLING over my radio dial the other night, I caught a couple of vaguely familiar notes. I paused to listen. A "hot" band was swinging a tune I knew I had heard somewhere. It was a little too speedy, perhaps, for one past the half-century mark to enjoy. But the suggestion of an old melody haunted me. Finally I managed to extricate enough of it to establish its identity. It set ringing in my mind once more those lines we used to know as well as we knew the catechism: "How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood, when fond recollection presents them to view."

Alone in a big house that evening, with children scattered, I followed the trail of memory back to the white cottage with a whole block of ground for a yard; to the family carriage, and Old Nell, the faithful horse; to the hammock swinging beneath the apple trees;

to neighbors exchanging jams and jellies and tidbits of news; and to the leisure and serenity of living at the turn of the century.

Few there are who spent their youth in the open spaces and then migrated to the city to live who do not grow misty eyed at the thought of those less troubled days. Yet, I fear, fancy too often gets the upper hand as we ruminate. "The old home town was a good place to live," we say. But let's dispel the glamorous mist of memory and reconstruct some of the facts of life in the old home town. Mine was a good town by the standards of the time, because it won a \$1,000 prize, given by a State university professor, for being "the model community of Kansas in which to rear children."

What happened later to some of these children? Well, two of the gang I used to run with as a shaver in short pants became bums in St. Louis and Chicago.

Three others, two of them deacon's sons, went to the penitentiary. One more would have, but he had a clever lawyer. The rest turned out to be good, bad, and indifferent.

We supplemented our juvenile income—allowances were unknown in those days—from peddling handbills, running cows to pasture, cleaning out stables, and rolling cigars, by sneaking into the back door of illegal saloons and selling for 2 cents each the empty whisky and beer bottles we found tossed out on the parkways.

The State had had constitutional prohibition for 15 years, but the politicians got around that with a "fix": the first day of each month the jointkeepers were arrested and fined \$100 apiece for "disorderly conduct." I remember well the mahogany bar and gilded back-mirrors, the white-aproned bartenders and the line of customers, all of them best citizens, of course,

in the saloon adjoining the St. James Hotel. It passed out only when Carrie Nation's cohorts descended on it *à la* Stuka bomber and left it like London's Guildhall.

Our mischief consisted in toppling over outhouses on Hallowe'en night, and in putting an acid concoction we called hoky-poky on dogs' tails and hearing them howl as they ran away in a frenzy of pain. Or we would loosen the nut on a wagon wheel and then hide near-by, watching with glee as the farmer drove off down the street. When the wheel came off, the wagon toppled half over. A runaway sometimes resulted.

For variety, we would unsnap the lines from the bridle of a driving horse, crisscross them so a pull by the driver would turn the horse in the wrong direction. Unhitching the tugs so the horse would pull away and leave the buggy and occupants standing was another trick. These were favorite "jokes" on youthful swains going to take their girls for a buggy ride. On the Fourth of July, of course, it was great sport to throw cannon crackers beneath jittery horses.

The average celebration of the Fourth in those days was heavy in casualties. Blacksmiths' anvils, surcharged with gunpowder, produced the loudest explosions—and often shattered arms and skulls. Four- to eight-inch firecrackers were available to any children who had the money to pay for them. There were no restrictions on fireworks anywhere and the death toll throughout the nation ran into the hundreds, injured into thousands. Tetanus was frequent, and lockjaw defied the doctors.

By way of getting a thrill, we used to have "chariot races" with the family vehicles, each consisting usually of an old driving horse and an open buggy, called a run-about. Meeting at an agreed rendezvous on a country road wide enough for two or three buggies to be driven abreast, we would mark off a race course. Then, whooping and yelling and laying on the whip, we worked those staid animals into a dead run, buggies clattering dangerously close to each other. Other times we would play runaway, one driving the horse at a gallop, seesawing on the reins and making the vehicle



swerve crazily, and the other, posted 100 yards or so ahead, making a dive to catch the horse by the bit and nose to stop him.

We hung around the livery stable where I am sure started all the obscenity in the world. We sneaked regularly into ball games, following a beaten path below the bank of the river skirting the fair-grounds. We went swimming naked in the muck of dead-end ponds, in rivers and creeks wherever the water was deep enough. Once my head got stuck in the mud at the bottom of a swimming hole. I signalled my distress with my feet and the other kids pulled me out. We stole watermelons and fruit, milked farmers' cows, broke gas lights occasionally, and played hooky from school.

BUT IF WE were mischievous, even destructive, remember we were left mostly to our own devices. Like Topsy, we just grew. Often that meant we grew wild. Boy Scouts and 4-H Clubs and Rotary Clubs to sponsor them were unknown in those days. Supervised playgrounds would have been laughed at. Summer camps had hardly been heard of. Camping was a matter of borrowing an army tent and pitching it beside a creek in which we fished and from which we drank. We did have our chores, which had a puritanical slant restricted us with plenty of "No's." But if we had had the organized school sports of today, the boys' and girls' clubs, the competitions, the equipment and trained leadership available to cities and towns, we wouldn't have perpetrated the deviltry that we did.

I've lived in Chicago for 30 years, but the model little town gave me more bloody thrillers in my youth than I've seen since—and I'm a newspaper reporter, which means I go into all sorts of places and dangers. I was held up twice there and saw a man shot to death by a policeman. I helped a coroner break into a near-by country hotel where a jealous husband had shot his pretty young wife to death and had killed himself.

One Saturday night in Summer I witnessed a shooting by a crazed man who turned the main business corner into a shambles. The usual band concert was under way, with crowds milling all about, when a madman, jealous of the players because he had been rejected by the band, crept out of an alley half a block away, armed with two shotguns and a revolver. Hiding behind a shoe-repair sign, he opened fire on the band and the crowd. Nine were slain.

We buried babies in those days almost by battalions. Sanitation was a misnomer. Only the hardest survived. Raw river water was pumped into a reservoir, filtered through a brick wall, and piped into the homes. Once a year the reservoir was drained and cleaned. Dead animals were nearly always to be found, a cat or a dog, maybe a rabbit. Many of the homes had wells—also each home had its outdoor privy and barn yard, all on the same lot. Most everyone kept a horse and a cow. A well was used until the water tasted or smelled bad.

Outhouses were cleaned by a city "scavenger" who worked by night. His implements were a covered wagon, a muck fork, a



"RUN, LIZZIE, RUN!" Petticoats may have hindered but they did not stop these young ladies of Author William McDermott's home town, 40 years ago, from playing baseball.

barrel of lime, and a lantern. The dump was the river bank below where the town water supply was secured, but only 12 miles above the water intake of another town. No wonder that typhoid fever was common.

It was a disease to strike terror to many hearts. Several of my playmates, including my high-school sweetheart, died of it. Few indeed were the communities that were exempt; it was not unusual for a village to lay away a dozen of its people in a single Summer from typhoid. Big cities suffered too. Fifty years or more ago, Chicago often buried 5,000 a year from typhoid. Last year it had not a single death from it. Typhoid, a scourge of my generation, is seldom even heard of now.

Flies came in droves. The best barometer of a storm was when a screen door was black with flies. Every home had its homemade device: strips of paper nailed on the end of a stick, which was swished

through the air to keep the flies out of the food. Mosquitoes, too, made their home among us. I well remember my mother taking the coal-oil lamp nightly in Summer and going on a hunt for mosquitoes high up on bedroom walls. When she located one, she held the lamp directly under it. Singed by the heat, it tumbled in a second or two into the blaze.

A kid's job was to keep the flies off the cow while his dad milked.

and Ninth Avenue was a continuous hitching rack or a string of hitching posts. A businessman would drive to work in the morning, hitch the horse out in front all day, and drive home at night. Manure would pile up, dry out in the Summer winds, and go sweeping down the street in blinding dust, which the flies spread to the grocery store.

There was a lot of town pride, but it took varied forms. The village was proud of its churches, but every year they went into their annual battle over doctrine, and each one claimed a monopoly on the Lord. When a devout Methodist woman married a Baptist widower and joined his church, it set bigoted tongues wagging furiously. The stores were lovely, but little attention was paid to the \$6-a-week wages to women clerks who stood from 8 A.M. until 6 P.M. at their counters, and until 10 on Saturdays.

The town was without a hospital. Once, when I was 8 years old, a growth in my throat shut off my breath. I was blue from strangulation and apparently had only a few minutes to live. The old family doctor laid me out on the kitchen table, took the instruments he carried in the false bottom of his medicine case, cut in beneath the obstruction, put in a silver tube, and I breathed easily again. He had never performed or seen the operation done. He had only read about it, but took a chance.

We didn't have a gymnasium or a game room in the town. Schools had playgrounds, but no equipment. Athletics were confined to football and baseball, and recreation to parties, dances, and church sociables. A revivalist held a meeting and raised \$12,000 for a Y.M.C.A. building. It had a gymnasium, a library, a parlor, and baths. The novelty of anything but a washtub bath caused the townsmen to work those facilities nearly to death.

Most of the children those days went only to the eighth grade. The high school occupied four rooms on the second floor of an all-service building. Every pupil went through the same mill of Latin, history, mathematics, English, and civics. In my graduation class were four boys and 17 girls. Now

It was to keep the cow quiet, so she wouldn't send paterfamilias sprawling with a kick or lash his countenance with her tail, rather than to protect the milk supply. Milk was strained through a cloth to get rid of drowned flies and dirt which dropped off the cow's udder.

Anybody could run a dairy. Raw milk in huge cans was toted about in spring wagons. A quart cup was used to measure the milk drained through a faucet, and the fluid was placed in any container, such as a crock or a dish, the housewife might put on the porch. If she didn't take it in quickly, the cat might help itself. There was no inspection of cows, no tuberculin tests, no compulsory cleanliness.

Food was kept in open containers in stores. Flour, crackers, and horsefeed might be kept in adjoining barrels. Careless clerks didn't worry about covering edibles when sweeping.

Down each side of Main Street

200 youths will graduate in a year.

We were well intentioned, but smug at that. We sang the sentimental old songs and ditties, and were shocked—and intrigued!—when ragtime came in. We didn't even know the meaning of a symphony orchestra or of an oratorio, and didn't care. We had a town band that really was good, but we thought anything above that was only the foible of the high-brows. How we would have considered as sissy the great high-school chorus of today as it stages masterpieces of music. The coming of the phonograph began to break the back of our scoffing. We paid \$6 apiece for Caruso records which we learned to like. Radio made universal the classics. Hearing spread to doing and nowadays youngsters unaffectedly like music as well as art and literature.

Public transportation was a matter of mule-drawn streetcars, with overalled Negroes and whites for drivers. Between collecting fares, the drivers would use black-snake whips on the mules to get up speed. Or downhill they would let the car run onto their heels to make them move. At that they were accommodating to their patrons, stopping anywhere to pick up or let off a rider.

Hacks met the trains. Some of the drivers were disreputable characters, and they beat their horses mercilessly. It was considered anyone's inherent right to beat his horse, his dog, or his children as he saw fit. One of the nightmares of my memory is the appearance of those half-starved, listless hack horses whose ribs stuck out like sores, and of the way their drivers kicked, yanked, and tortured them. It's years since I have seen the sadistic cruelty that we accepted as commonplace.

I haven't named my old home town until now, because I want you to see it as it is instead of as it was. It's Winfield, Kansas, as fine a home community of 10,000 people as you can find anywhere. Streets are paved, homes are lovely, and every conceivable convenience is available. Two fine hospitals serve the sick for hundreds of miles around. Schools are well equipped, playgrounds are numerous, and gymnasiums are plentiful. The college gym will accommodate 4,000 spectators at a basketball game or 5,000 for any meeting or concert by a noted artist that requires it.

There is a community spirit which is a revelation to one who has been away for nearly a third of a century. There has been no municipal operation tax in Winfield for 20 years—the electric-light plant pays all city expenses except schools and library, hospital and band, and provides enough money to build parks, a city hall, a stadium, a war memorial, a \$300,000 dike to prevent floods, and to have a nest egg of \$100,000 in the bank.

The churches work together instead of scrapping. Bickering over doctrine has disappeared. Yearly the leading churches join in a union meeting of spiritual instruction and inspiration. They sup-

port community funds for relief, work together for the Red Cross, advance religious education, have drama clubs for youth, and their leaders are active in Rotary Club and Chamber of Commerce projects for supervised recreation, community betterment, and tieup between town and country. Rotary, for instance, has a loan fund which has aided scores of needy students and a flourishing junior baseball league of 120 boys. The churches preach religion still, but work for heaven here as well as hereafter.

And how about youth? Well, they are thrill seekers just like my generation and every other generation that went before. They get into a "jam" for speeding and have to be straightened out occasionally. But they have aspirations and ambition, go to college in large numbers, prepare for vocations and citizenship, marry and have children, and are headed for a steady middle age.

The only distressing thing about them is their intellectual cynicism, their perverse pessimism. They've grown up to doubt or even deny that there's any progress in the world. If I could only make them realize what progress there has been just in my generation! Maybe they'd see then that there is a march of civilization worth preserving, and even worth fighting for. How can I prove it to them that, with incomparably better environment, with a franker view on life, and with ideals that a turbulent decade has not destroyed, they run rings around anything we had in my generation?

Doubtless they'll discover that in time. Meanwhile, I note that the good old days are gone forever—and I see no cause for tears.

Then & Now

The gay young blade about to make a wicket may not be Author McDermott, but he *did* furnish this snapshot. Today, with far less hair, but just as much energy as he had when he disturbed the tranquillity of Winfield, Kansas, 40 or more years ago, he is a star staffman and religious editor of the Chicago *Daily News*. His articles on a wide variety of subjects appear in leading American journals.



Denver Is Delighted!

By 'Mayor Ben' Stapleton

Mayor of Denver; Rotarian

DENVER, at the foot of the Rockies, anxiously awaits the coming of you and your families to the 32nd annual Convention of Rotary International here in June. "Denver's biggest event in many years . . ." is what a local newspaper has called it—and that is how we all feel about it.

Perhaps you will notice changes since Rotary held its international reunion in Denver in 1926, but you will find two of our outstanding attractions unchanged, because there is no improving upon perfection. One is the warm, heartfelt Western hospitality of our people. The other—our unmatched climate, with sun-bright, zestful days and cool, restful nights.

Do you know that Denver averages more than 300 sunny days each year? Showers are infrequent and while the days are bright with sunshine, they are never humid or oppressive. Crisp nights invite blankets, even in Summer. When other regions are sweltering, the nights in Denver are always cool, with gentle breezes drifting down from the near-by snow-capped mountain peaks. If you seek relief from oppressive heat, you will find Denver an ideal spot, air conditioned by Nature.

It is my pleasure to tell you something about Denver and its most scenic attractions, and then to describe our mountain-parks system. I think you will conclude that there just can't be one dull moment for you and your family.

We have more than twoscore municipal parks and nowhere in them will you find a "Keep Off the Grass" sign. The bathing beaches, lakes, and free tennis courts of our city parks, and four well-kept municipal golf courses will attract you. Out-of-doors sports in Denver's dry, bracing, smokeless, sun-drenched atmosphere leave you refreshed and invigorated, with a new desire to live. Indoor swim-

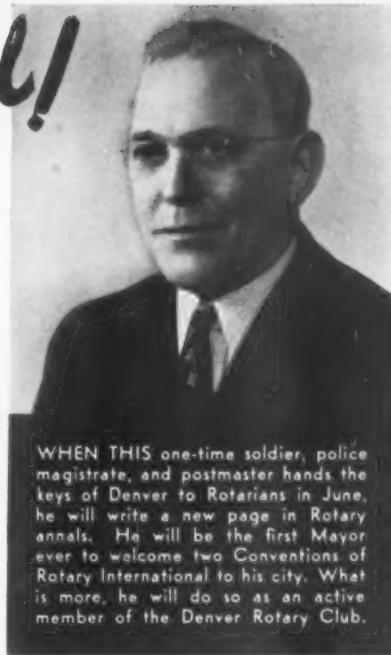
ming pools are available, as well.

Denver's City Park offers you a multitude of varied amusements—a fine zoo, for instance, noted for its backgrounds reproducing Nature's own wild-life settings. Here in the Park you may also enjoy free open-air band concerts, boating, and the rainbow hues of the beautiful electric fountain. The world-famous Colorado Museum of Natural History is located in this beautiful spot, containing colorful displays of animal and bird life, as well as extensive mineral exhibits. There is nothing finer in North America.

Washington Park, second largest of Denver's city parks, is of interest to the visitor, not only because of its lake and delightful bathing beach, but also because of its colonial gardens, exact duplicates of the gardens planted and grown by Martha Washington at Mount Vernon.

One should not fail to visit Cheesman Park for a view of one of the most inspiring scenic panoramas in the United States, embracing a 200-mile sweep of the Continental Divide, the backbone of the Rockies. A dial in the Cheesman Memorial Building enables the visitor to locate and identify the various mountain peaks to the west and about the same view can be obtained from Montview, a little southeast of Cheesman. Outstanding among these are 14,255-foot Longs Peak, in the Rocky Mountain National Park; Mount Evans, almost directly west; and Pikes Peak, 75 miles to the South.

Hardly a part of the entertainment picture, yet highly interesting, is Lowry Field, located in Denver. It is maintained by the United States Army for instruction of aerial bombers and photographers. Rapidly expanding as a result of the national-defense program, Lowry Field recently absorbed the Army post at Fort



WHEN THIS one-time soldier, police magistrate, and postmaster hands the keys of Denver to Rotarians in June, he will write a new page in Rotary annals. He will be the first Mayor ever to welcome two Conventions of Rotary International to his city. What is more, he will do so as an active member of the Denver Rotary Club.

Photo: Larson

Logan, south and west of Denver. A few miles west of the city a 25-million-dollar ammunition plant is now under construction.

In the downtown area our beautiful and imposing Civic Center includes a great open-air Greek Theater seating 3,000 persons. Facing the Civic Center is the Municipal Building, where the visitor will find a museum, including exhibits of fine arts, also Indian handiwork, articles, and relics rich in historical interest. Opposite the Municipal Building stands the State Capitol, overlooking the city and giving one a wonderful view of the Continental Divide. Near-by is the Colorado State Museum, built of native marble and housing collections that turn back the pages of Colorado history through the eras of the pioneer gold seeker, the Indian, to the dawn-age of the cavemen who lived in the cliff dwellings of the Mesa Verde region.

Across from the Municipal Building is the United States Mint, one of the two places where the Federal Government stores its gold reserves for safekeeping.

We want all our visitors to make at least one trip through the Denver mountain-parks system, and perhaps the most interesting one-day motor ride is the circle trip to the summit of Mount Evans. A wide variety of shorter or longer trips will tempt the Rotarian and his family. These may

be made in your own car or in busses operating on convenient schedules. The children will enjoy riding along the highways and watching the buffaloes grazing with other animals of the plains and mountains.

You will, however, find a far-flung system of roads linked with mountain parks, unique among the world's municipal recreation areas, where diversified entertainment awaits you. From almost any spot in the city you will marvel at the rugged grandeur of the 200-mile sweep of the Continental Divide spread out before you. Many of the peaks are mantled with snow all Summer.

From our mountain-top recreational parks you may look down upon the streets in Denver, spread out below like an aerial mosaic map, and out across endless miles of rolling prairie. Some of these parks cling to the banks of cascading streams, where gamey trout leap for your fly with a sudden flash of rainbow hues. Some are above timberline, alongside banks of snow that feed the streams the Summer through. Others are hidden in the cool greenery of forested slopes, where the fragrance of pine inspires you to fill your lungs deeply.

Although the mountain parks have been developed to fill various recreational needs, most of them are equipped for use as picnic grounds and play areas, with fireplaces and shelter houses built of native rock. Some are found where roads end and trails begin—trails that lure the hiker and horseman into the cool fastness of the silent places. Throughout the entire mountain-parks system you may stop for a single meal, or remain for a day or week, or the entire Summer, in modest cabins or luxuriously appointed hotels, all moderately priced.

Our good automobile highways make any of these mountain parks easily accessible to anyone. Perhaps dominating the parks' system is 14,260-foot Mount Evans, where you may revel in the snow-banks alongside the world's highest automobile road. It is the site of the world's highest cosmic-ray laboratory. From its summit you may look down upon thousands of square miles of grandeur.

Other points of interest in the

Denver mountain-parks area include Buffalo Bill's grave and Pahaska Tepee Museum, on the summit of Lookout Mountain; the Park of the Red Rocks, with an out-of-doors theater seating 9,000 people, and an acoustically perfect natural-rock sounding board; the historic mining town of Idaho Springs, scene of the first discovery of gold in Colorado; Genesee Mountains; Bear Creek Canyon; and Berthoud Pass, where the highway crosses the backbone of the continent at an elevation of 11,315 feet above sea level.

Ample hotel accommodations are available to fit any holiday budget, and range from the comfort and convenience of the

days or a few weeks in the marvelous scenic playground. Besides the Denver mountain-parks system, several other "must" attractions should be listed on your travel itinerary.

The Rocky Mountain National Park, visited annually by more persons than any national park west of the Mississippi, is within little more than an hour's drive from Denver. It is dominated by the towering heights of gigantic Longs Peak. Within its boundaries lies the famous Trail Ridge Road, highest continuous skyline drive in America, crossing the Continental Divide at 12,183 feet over Milner Pass to Grand Lake, Berthoud Pass, and the Colorado River.

Colorado Springs and the Pikes Peak region, 75 miles south of Denver, are famed for their mineral springs and for the automobile highway to the summit of Pikes Peak. The Mesa Verde National Park, in southwestern Colorado, contains the ruins of cliff dwellings built by a vanished race that inhabited the region many centuries ago. There are other Colorado regions of scenic grandeur and rich historic interest that will invite the visitor to the June Convention of Rotary International. Whether you stay a few days or the entire Summer, your trip will repay you with a host of treasured vacation memories and a new zest for joyous living.

Delegates to the Convention will find Denver one of the most delightful and attractive convention cities they have ever visited, and we are not situated so far from the geographical centers of the United States but what we hope that every Rotarian will come to Denver. It is the center of a network of rail lines, highways, and air lines. From your home—regardless of where you may live—you may reach Denver within a very short time. That wish applies to all Rotarians in other lands, too.

Convention sessions will be held in Denver's spacious Municipal Auditorium and its brand-new addition—The House of Friendship.

In behalf of the citizens of Denver and myself, we invite you to visit our mile-high city June 15 to 20. We know that you will enjoy cool Colorado with us.



The Week's Entertainment

Sun., June 15—Evening concert by nationally known orchestra and vocalist in Red Rocks Park.

Mon., June 16—Twilight song fest at Red Rocks Park—followed by awe-inspiring spectacle of distant Denver lights popping on and stars coming out.

Tues., June 17—Wagon Wheel Fiesta for the ladies at large estate, in afternoon. Hostesses in pioneer garb. Indian dances. Tea. . . . Night brings District and other special dinners.

Wed., June 18—Western Day, Denver Rotarians in ten-gallon hats. . . . Afternoon style show for ladies. . . . President's Ball at night.

Thurs., June 19—Night at huge amusement park, for Conventioners only. Swimming. Midget-auto races. Longest miniature railway in world.

Fri., June 20—"Auld Lang Syne!"

smaller hotels to the luxurious elegance of the largest.

Denver is the gateway to a widespread variety of scenic and historical attractions throughout Colorado and the Rocky Mountain West. All manner of vacation attractions invite the Rotarian and the members of his family to linger after the close of the Convention for a carefree holiday of a few



Denver -

Doorknob of the West

OUT WHERE the rising Western plains suddenly stand on end to become the Rockies sprawls Denver—metropolis of the mid-mountain West. Denver is still young; the year was 1857 when old John Simpson Smith and his Sioux wife Wapoola pitched camp on its site, and stayed. But the city of 322,000 which has grown on that spot—and which is to be host to Rotary's 1941 Convention, June 15-20—cannot be described without superlatives, for Denver is one of America's fairest, busiest cities. It is the "big town" for 6 million people in ten States—their cultural and commercial fount. Yet Denver is more. It is the door-knob to an unsurpassable vacation land—Colorado of the Clouds.

La Llave de Oeste

CON EL MARCO imponente de las Montañas Rocosas, cuyos picos formidables penetran en la región de las nieves eternas, se recuesta Dénver en la falda amena de la cordillera inmensa. Esta bella metrópoli del Oeste norteamericano, cuyos habitantes pasan ya de los 300,000, no tiene aún un siglo de fundada, pero es una gran ciudad, con todas las características favorables que a tal designación corresponden. En ella celebrará Rotary International su 32a. convención anual, del 15 al 20 de junio.





A VIEW of Denver's spired City Hall and the public library—two of the splendid edifices in the civic center.

EL CENTRO CIVICO de Dénver lo forman edificios magníficos, entre ellos la biblioteca y el palacio municipal.

DEN
Libra
...
beau



DENVER children love this little house. It is the Eugene Field Library and was the home of the children's poet in his local days. . . . Below: A statue in the civic center, a half mile of landscaped beauty connecting the State Capitol (background) and City Hall.

LA CASA que habitó el poeta de los niños, Eugenio Field, cuando residía en Dénver, se ha trasladado a un parque de la ciudad, y en ella hay una biblioteca infantil . . . Abajo, una vista del bellísimo Centro Cívico, en que se ve al fondo el Capitolio del Estado.



Beaver—Not Too Busy
Un Industrioso Castor



Colorado Coney
Conejo del Colorado



IN DENVER'S zoo—item of local pride—animals live in habitats as natural as their native haunts not far away.

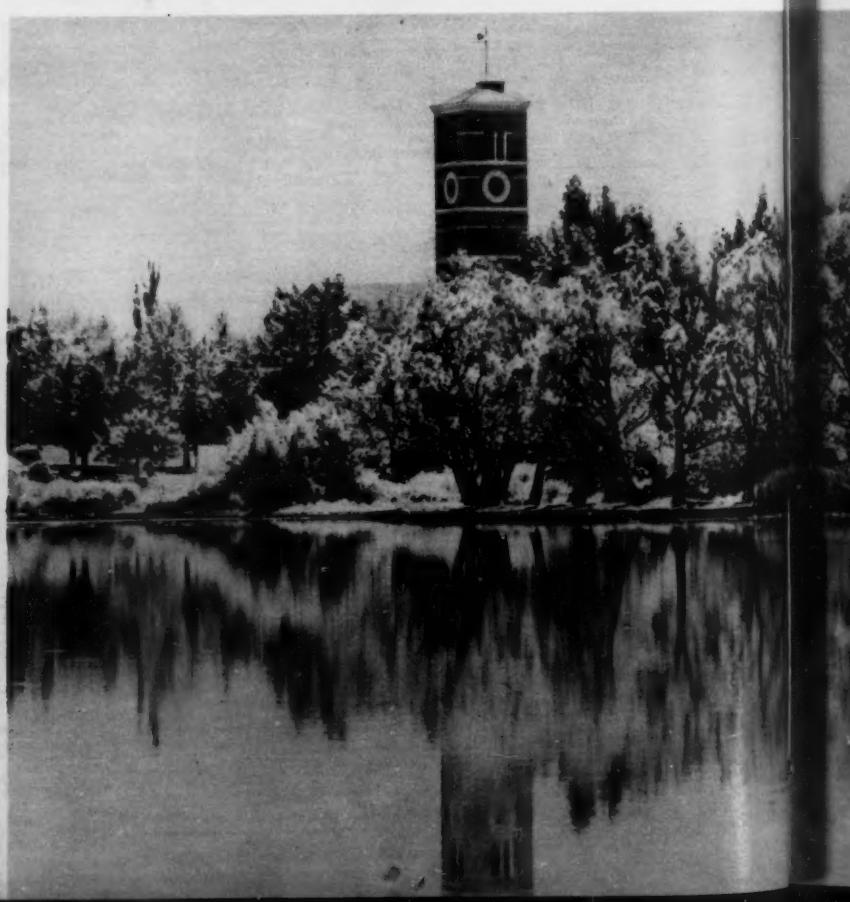
EN EL Jardín Zoológico de Dénver los animales viven en el ambiente en que vivirían en sus no lejanas guaridas.

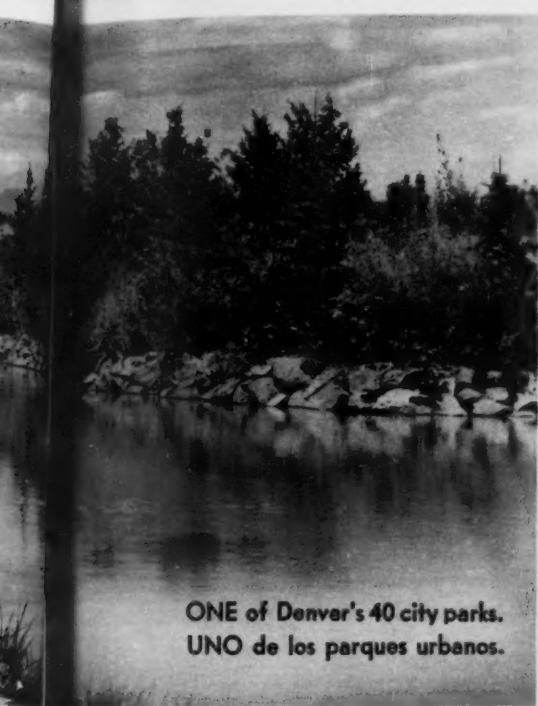
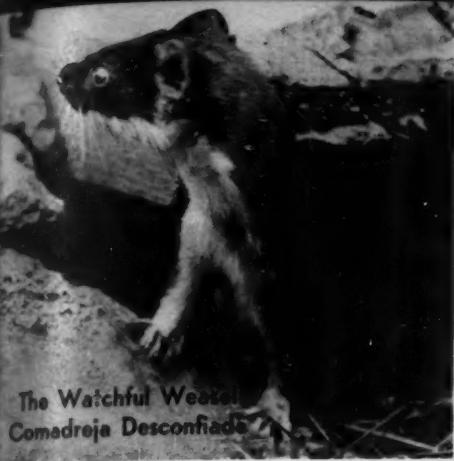
FRED G. KORTH



A BUSY STREET in downtown Denver—and what a view!

UNA CALLE del activísimo centro comercial de Dénver.





A DENVER high-school tower.
TORRE de una de las escuelas.

ATOP Lookout Mountain, a Colorado peak he knew well, stands this huge canvas of Buffalo Bill (Cody)—last of the great scouts. With his famous wild-west show, he popularized the West throughout America—and also in Europe. The old plainsman's tomb likewise is on this bald-topped peak.

EN LA CUMBRE de una montaña cercana a Dénver está el Museo de Buffalo Bill, pintoresco personaje del Oeste. Allí está también su tumba.

BERTHOUD PASS

ARAPAHOE NATIONAL FOREST
11,315 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL
SUMMIT OF THE

CONTINENTAL DIVIDE

SAN FRANCISCO
1277 MILES
WATERS FLOW TO THE
PACIFIC

NEW YORK CITY
1021 MILES
WATERS FLOW TO THE
ATLANTIC

PAUL'S PHOTOS

SEVENTY miles west of Denver Route 40 climbs over the Continental Divide at this pass—a famous Winter sports spot.

POR PUERTO Berthoud, a unos 110 kilómetros al occidente de Dénver, pasa la línea divisoria continental de las aguas.



D. ROACH

COMIN' round the mountain on a trail in Rocky Mountain National Park. Note the two small riders. . . . Below: "Elephant head tree" in the same country.

ZIGZAGUEANTE camino de herradura en el Parque Nacional de las Montañas Rocosas . . . Caprichosa forma de cabeza de elefante de un árbol de dicho parque.

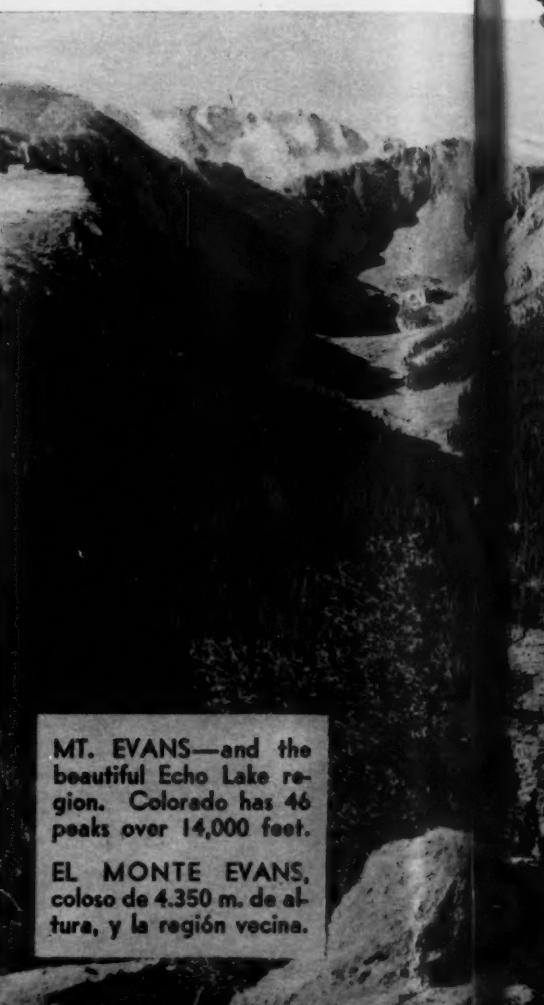


MT. EVANS—and the beautiful Echo Lake region. Colorado has 46 peaks over 14,000 feet.

EL MONTE EVANS, coloso de 4.350 m. de altura, y la región vecina.



FOURTH of July—45 DEPORTES de invierno miles from Denver. no en traje de baño.





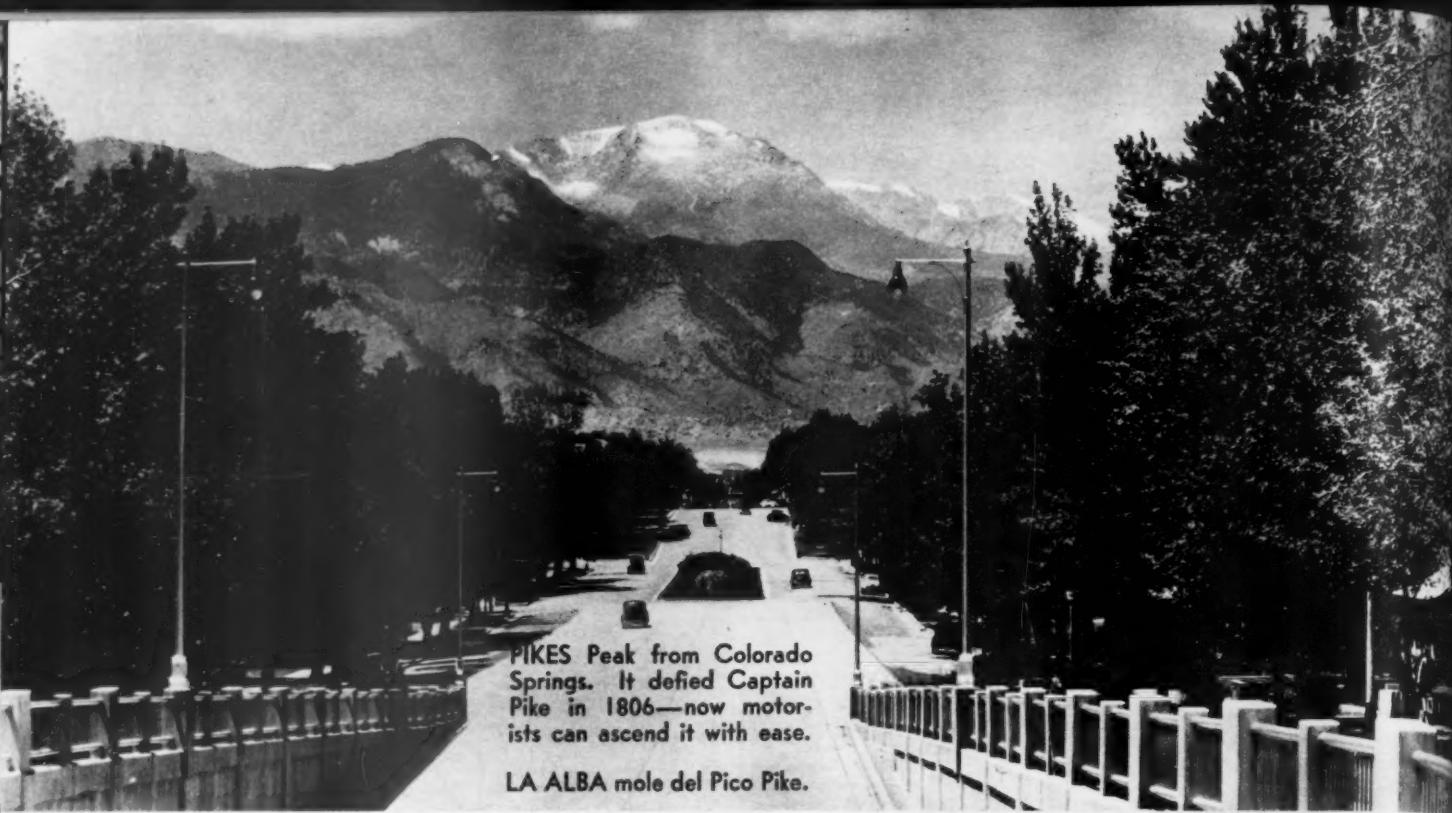
DENVER "POST"



A WATERFALL near
Loch Lake—typical of
hundreds of others. Riv-
ers rising in Colorado
course into 13 States.

COMO chorros de pla-
ta se desploman rumo-
rosas muchas cascadas.

DENVER "POST"



PIKES Peak from Colorado Springs. It defied Captain Pike in 1806—now motorists can ascend it with ease.

LA ALBA mole del Pico Pike.

COLORADO SPRINGS CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

CATHEDRAL spires in the Garden of the Gods (below)—a geological fantasy near Colorado Springs. It is a "must" stop for most tourists.

TALLADAS en la roca viva, y en majestuoso silencio, se yerguen estas catedrales fantásticas en el llamado justamente Jardín de los Dioses.

WILL ROGERS memorial (below), as rugged as was the Westerner it honors, tops Cheyenne Mountain.

ABAJO, monumento a Will Rogers, el célebre actor, en una cumbre próxima a Colorado Springs.

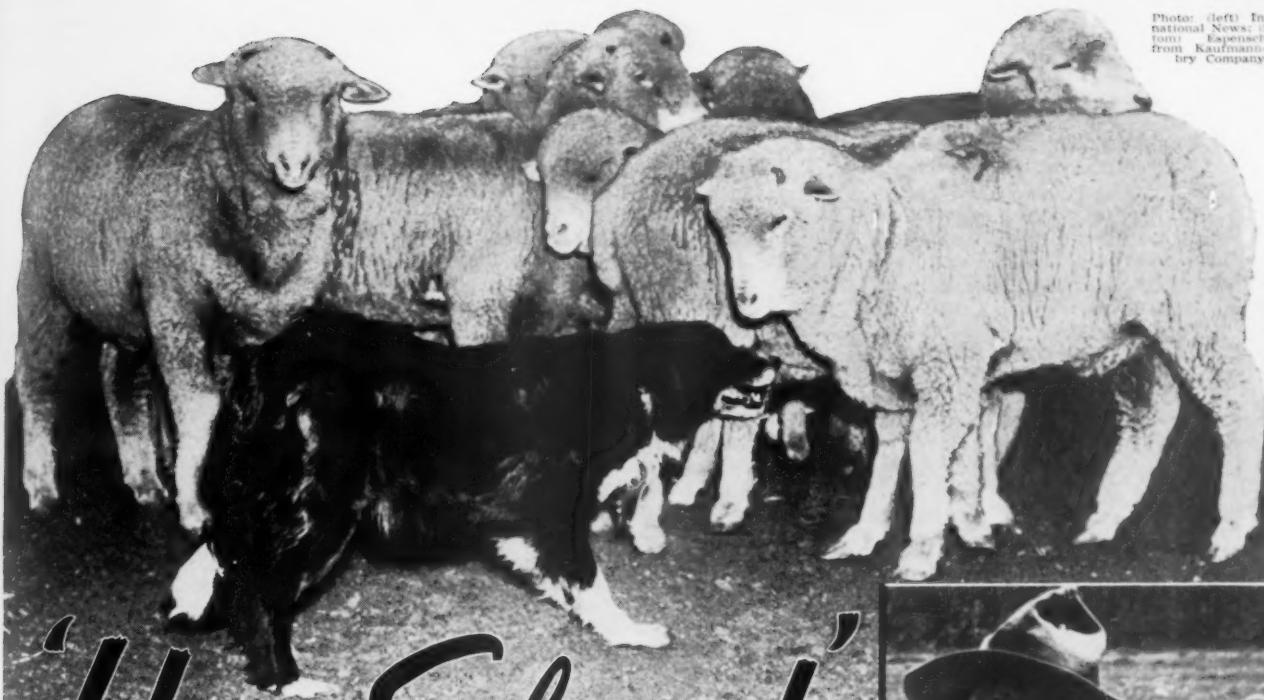
PAUL'S PHOTOS



O. ROACH



Photos (left) International News; (bottom) Espenscheid from Kaufmann-Fabry Company



Hey, Shep!

By Helena Huntington Smith

ONE OF THE great dogs of fiction is "Bob, Son of Battle," Scotch sheep-dog hero of a book which has been a childhood classic for 40 years. Thousands of parents have read Bob's story aloud, without being aware that Bob's cousins and descendants, dogs of the very same Scotch border strain, are doing an indispensable job looking after sheep in the Western United States today.

In the Big Horn Mountains just east of the Rockies, where a tourist highway crosses a Summer sheep range, there takes place each year the same scene. A band of sheep, attended by horse, herder, and dog, is grazing close to the unfenced roadway. Little by little some of the ewes edge out toward the passing cars. "Hey, Shep!" says the herder, waving his arm toward the sheep. Instantly the dog, a small collie-ish mongrel, dashes around them and drives them back to safety. A car with an out-of-State license jams on the brakes and its occupants lean out, bursting with interest.

"What a smart dog!" "How did you teach him to do that?" "What kind is he?"

"He's just a dog," says the surprised herder, to whom Shep is all in the day's work.

"Just dogs" they may be, but in economic importance Shep and his like stand at the very top of the dog world, for the 68-million-dollar wool-growing

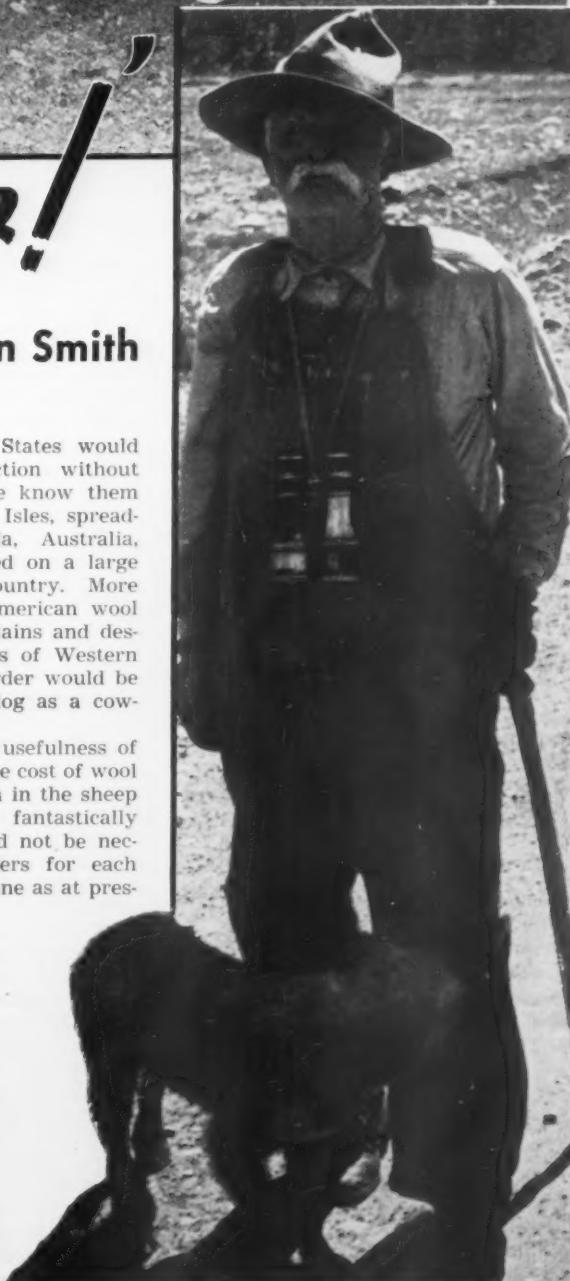
industry of the United States would not know how to function without them. Sheep dogs as we know them originated in the British Isles, spreading to America, Canada, Australia, wherever sheep are raised on a large scale in a rough, open country. More than two-thirds of the American wool output comes from the plains and deserts and mountain ranges of Western States, where a sheep herder would be as helpless without his dog as a cowboy without his horse.

Trying to translate the usefulness of these dogs into terms of the cost of wool to the public, I asked men in the sheep business if, in a world fantastically rendered dogless, it would not be necessary to hire two herders for each band of sheep instead of one as at present. The first man appeared stumped by the question.

"Two men!" he said. "Two men couldn't do anything with a band of sheep."

The second man was more explicit. "Why, one man and one good dog can hold sheep in a storm when 15 men without dogs couldn't hold 'em."

There is something almost miraculous in the intelligence shown



by these mongrels that guard the flocks. Last Summer I drove into the mountains to see one at work. Sheep were grazing on a sunny hillside pasture at the edge of some spruce trees. The herder, an old Frenchman who had been a prospector in Alaska, sent the dog up to drive them back out of the timber. From the dignified way she went about her duties you would never have guessed that she was only eight months old. But she stopped often and looked back for instructions.

"She's young yet," he explained. "She's afraid of making a mistake. She doesn't want to get scolded."

Sure at last of what he wanted, she rounded up the sheep. Then, without a word from him, she trotted back and disappeared under the trees.

"Goin' back to see if she lost any," said the herder. "Instinct!"

WHEREVER sheep are raised you will hear scores of stories of dogs so alert that they know the minute sheep are missing from a band, so conscientious—there is no other word—that if the herder stops to eat dinner before hunting them, the dog will go and get them of his own accord. The greatest of these tales comes from the Powder River country of eastern Wyoming, where a few years ago a man bought 300 or 400 young rams and started trailering them across country to his ranch, a sheep journey of four days. On the first day he missed one of his dogs and five of the bucks, but he kept on going with the main band to its destination. Then he turned back to look for the missing.

Just one day's journey behind him he met the dog coming along the country road with the sheep. There was not a human being in sight; just the dog plodding along behind the five strayed woolies. Continuing back along the trail, he found that the dog had carefully bedded his charges in the fields each of the three nights of the journey.

It would seem as if only instinct could account for that feat, or for the three-month-old puppy which was seen by a friend of mine working sheep in a corral like a grown dog, or for the old dog living in retirement on a ranch which every time the hogs were let out to root around would make a nuisance of himself putting them back into the pen.

Horses, too, have this herding sense, as everybody knows who has seen a good cow pony work. On the Crow reservation in southern Montana there was a strange and beautiful partnership of horse and sheep dog watching a flock together. The herder would go in to dinner, leaving the two in charge—the horse standing saddled, with the reins dropped, the dog lying in the cool of his shadow. If the sheep started to graze off, the horse would move quietly around one side of them and the dog around the other. If the sheep turned and went the other way, horse and dog would go round them and stop them again.

In a little-known book by W. H. Hudson called *A Shepherd's Life* is the story

of a sheep dog of Wiltshire, England, named Watch. Watch went after the sheep with such a rush and dash that the owner at first feared he would injure them. But Watch never in his life hurt a living creature. He would chase birds, mice, and rabbits, catch them and play with them a while, then turn them loose unharmed. In time he got old and almost blind, so they retired him, but he was miserable in retirement. ("A good dog can't lay idle," as an old Montana Scotsman told me. "He wants to be with the sheep.") So they tried letting him work again, and his hearing told him which way the sheep were moving, and he would turn them as skilfully as ever. But he would crash at full speed into the sides of the pen because he couldn't see. They had to face it then, and Watch was sent to the good dog's heaven.

From the Campbell brothers' outfit of Rawlins, Wyoming, comes the story of Buster, another old dog. Buster, a one-man's sheep dog—a rare thing in these days of constantly changing herdsmen—was ageing and sick; they thought he couldn't make the annual trip to the mountains, so he was left behind at the ranch. He moped all Summer. They wondered, since he was so depressed without his master, why he didn't run off and follow the sheep, for he had made the journey many times. But it was 65 miles to the Summer range, and the old dog must have known he couldn't make it.

Then came the October date for moving the sheep down again; it was the same every year. They had been on the trail four or five days and so were halfway home when Buster turned up one night, where men and sheep were bedded under the stars.

"He sure tore up my bed," said the herder, not displeased.

The dog had known when his absent master was due to start down, and had sensed exactly when and where to meet him on the road.

The first sheep, sheep dogs, and sheepmen to come into the West in the middle of the past century were from Scotland. A goodly number of the dogs, then and later, were among Scotland's best, winners at the great Scottish dog trials—annual competitions at penning and driving sheep, held since 1876—dogs such as Ken, which at 18 months was trial champion of Scotland, and Wee Roy, which at three years had cleaned up his field in Scotland, England, Ireland, and Wales. Bred to common, hardy range mongrels, the result is superexpert sheep dogs, generally smallish, black and white, known as border collies. But sheepmen attach little importance to pedigrees; a puppy born in a sheep camp is kept only if its father, irrespective of imported Scotch strain, is a good dog with sheep. There's another test, later on: if the pup herds the chickens until he all but starves them to death, then he's going to be a real sheep dog.

For a dozen years or more sheep-dog trials have been held annually in Pennsylvania and in New England. California put on one in 1939 at the San Fran-



cisco Exposition, repeated later on a ranch near Sacramento—"just to have some fun among ourselves," says J. D. Harper, secretary of the California Sheep Dog Society. The homely nature of these affairs is reflected in the prizes: modest sums of cash, a wool blanket, or a walking stick, with a case of beer or a box of cigars as consolation for "the dog having the hardest luck."

The sheep business in the United States today is a mixture of several nationalities. After the Scots blazed the trail in the '70s and '80s, herdsmen from other parts of Europe came in, notably the Basques from Southern France and Spain. There are parts of the West right now, southern Idaho for one, where the Basque element is so strong that a man has to have lively black eyes and a blue chin before he can get a job with a sheep outfit. Mexicans prevail in the Southwest, as far north as Colorado and southern Wyoming. But the flavor of the sheep business has remained predominantly Scotch over much of the United States. Others freely admit that nobody can compare with a Scotsman when it comes to being a hand with a dog.

In Buffalo, Wyoming, they like to tell of one old Scot who lived in town and had a dog of which he was very proud. He was leaning against the bar bragging about his dog, as usual, when someone noticed a rooster pecking in the dust outside. The Scotsman bet \$50 that his dog could put the rooster into the saloon. Ears and tail alert, nose quivering with amusement at this odd feath-



Photo: Burton Holmes from Ewing Galloway

ered object, the dog maneuvered so delicately that instead of taking to squawking flight the bird passed under the swinging doors almost of its own accord.

The roughest, toughest open-range sheep country in the United States is the Red Desert of southern Wyoming, land too dry for settlement, and so still in the public domain. Here is the last stamping ground of the old-time nomad sheep outfit, its only permanent property the sheep wagon. Some of these outfits even today own 100,000 sheep and 100 or 200 dogs. They Summer in the mountains to the south. They Winter on the frozen desert, where the white speck of the sheep wagon looks like a lonely sail in a desolate sea of sagebrush. The wind howls over the flats, but as it clears off the snow and exposes what feed there is, nobody complains.

The wagon with its stove and bunk is the sheep herder's house. The dog lives underneath. A dog needs to be hardy, for in Winter he often works 15 hours at a stretch with feet bleeding from sharp snow crust.

In the Spring when the first grass shows above ground the sheep go wild with glee, racing and scattering in all directions. "They get to thinking they're antelope," as one sheepman expressed it; only the dog can check them then, and he runs till his tail droops with weariness. After that the lambs start to come, and men and dogs work day and night. An ordinary dog is too rough to be useful around ewes with young lambs. His

A TYPICAL scene in the Scottish lowlands—hereditary home of the sheep dog. His descendants are found in Australia, the United States, Canada—wherever there are sheep.

duty is with the ewes which have not yet lambed, and which are kept slowly moving ahead toward the Summer range in the mountains while the mother ewes are left behind for a day's rest.

But there are good lambing dogs, and such a one was Spick. When it was time to move, he would push the babies gently with his nose until they wobbled to their feet and went off after their mothers, circling back over the bed ground afterward to make sure he had every one. A good dog that finds a lamb left behind the band will stand over it and howl or bark until the herder comes to the rescue. If a sheep falls down and gets over on its back, it will flounder like a turtle and may die unless someone rights it.

In Miles City, Montana, I met two delightful old ladies who expressed mild vexation with young city folks who "just won't believe it when you tell them what a sheep dog can do." Some years ago, one of them told me, a man named Munro, working with a sheep outfit in the grass country north of the Yellowstone, had brought two dogs with him from the Falkland Islands. They were a shaggy-faced type known as bearded collies. One called Shag was "the homeliest mutt you ever saw."

One October day a band of ewes was left unattended for an hour, a mile or two from the ranch house, while the hands went to dinner. Somebody left a gate open. Somebody else looked out and saw the bucks (rams to the Easterner), which had been shut up in a special pasture, heading at top speed toward the ewes.

Now, bucks aren't turned in with ewes until late November, and this mishap would mean lambs coming in the dead of Winter, loss and chaos. The men jumped up from the table and ran for their horses. Shag stood quivering with eyes on his master.

"Go round them, Shag," said the man with a great sweeping gesture. "Go round them and HOLD THEM!"

Away went the dog like a streak, over the hill and out of sight. When the men got there, Shag had the bucks stopped. The big, powerful animals stood shaking their horns and staring uncertainly at him, and every time one tried a break for liberty Shag would catch him in the fleece of the shoulder and throw him to the ground.

Another outfit used a certain corral in a canyon for lambing, and in the morning the ewes which had lambed during the night were let out to graze, each with her offspring following her. Ewes make poor mothers at first, and a pretty little black-and-white collie named Nell was posted outside the gate to stop those which tried to pass without their lambs. Nell caught on promptly. One year later the scene was reenacted. This time Nell needed no instructions. She took her place at the corral gate and, without further orders, went to turning back the lambless ewes.

Once in the mountains, the dog has nothing to do except keep the sheep from getting lost in the timber, but in mid-September all move down and camp by the railroad. There baa-ing, milling bunches of 3,000 are herded into corrals, where last Spring's lambs are cut out for shipment and the good corral dog, if there is one in the outfit, is in his glory. The corral dog is a notch up from the range dog; he works at closer quarters and is better trained, and his *tour de force* is to run up over the backs of the sheep when they stand tightly packed in the loading chute, and by nipping at the foremost ones persuade them to enter the car.

By the time the hubbub of shipping is over, the first flakes of snow are falling, and herders, wagons, horses, and dogs gather themselves and the ewes together and head back under a gray sky for the Winter range. Winter comes down, and the sheep scatter and drift before the storms. Or they would, without the dog.

The Red Desert country is, as the Western phrasemakers have it, a bear cat in Winter. The altitude is high and the temperatures are low. In that country a few years ago the herder in charge of one band of sheep was frozen to death in a blizzard. Days later when the camp tender broke through the drifts with supplies, the two dogs were still blindly hanging onto the duty they knew, one shivering, half-famished animal still holding the sheep; the other standing over the herder's frozen body keeping the coyotes away.

Another blizzard story has a happy ending. It was told me by a herder who has tended sheep along the Yellowstone River for 38 years. He was bringing his band back to the wagon through a Montana blizzard, when his favorite dog, Queen, disobeyed him for the first time in her life, crowding the sheep to the left of where he wanted to go. He swore at her plentifully, but still Queen kept turning the sheep to the left. Suddenly here was the wagon in front of them. Without his dog he would have missed his shelter by a quarter of a mile and perhaps frozen to death.

IN THE Texas Panhandle in the '70s—in the old days of range warfare between cattle and sheep raisers—two men named Casner were moving sheep onto the headwaters of Red River when they were murdered by an outlaw. The dog attacked the murderer, who shot one of his eyes out without killing him. Days afterward when cowboys found the dead man's camp, the wounded and starving dog still had the sheep under control. One of the cowboys, though he hated sheep, took charge of the band. The dog showed him what to do.

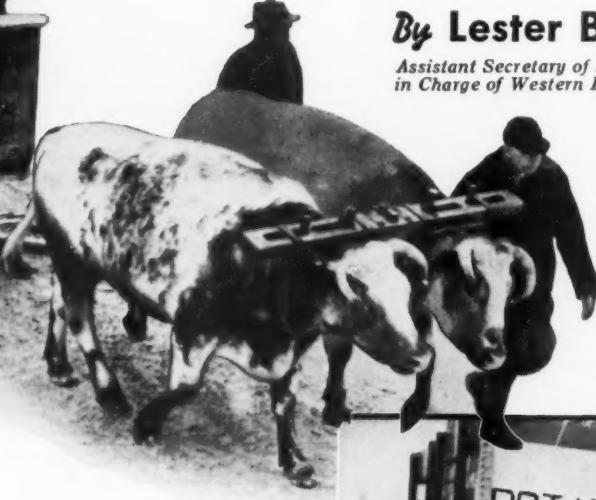
In these days when our dog aristocracy is too often bred for physical characteristics that diminish intelligence—such as flattened skulls—that tend to make of "man's best friend" an indifferent companion, it is refreshing to know of the feats of these working sheep dogs, their quick intelligence, their firm loyalty.



Rotary North of the Rio Grande

By Lester B. Struthers

Assistant Secretary of Rotary International
in Charge of Western Hemisphere Division



INTERCITY meetings have long provided a highway to Rotary fellowship. In Bellows Falls, Vermont, last Winter, Boston Rotarians received a warm welcome on a cold day.

RUNNING around Rotary circles is the story of a quipping editor who telegraphed a correspondent: WIRE TEN WORD STORY ON ROTARY. The correspondent proved himself a master of concision by doing it: LONELY MAN ORGANIZED CLUB. IDEA GOOD. FIVE THOUSAND CLUBS WORLD.

A man was lonely. He had come from a small city to Chicago to practice law. He drew together a few acquaintances who decided to meet as a club in rotation at their homes or offices. The man who started it still lives, his face furrowed by smile-wrinkles, his eyes alight with vision. He is Paul P. Harris, the founder of a movement that in 36 years has circled the world.

Here is the epic in figures.

From a single Club in Chicago in 1905, Rotary north of the Rio Grande has grown to 3,470 Clubs with 156,099 members.

From a single Club in Havana, Cuba, in 1916, Rotary in Ibero-America has grown to more than 500 Clubs with 12,000 members.

From a single Club in Dublin in 1911, Rotary in Britain and Ireland has grown to 485 Clubs, 20,000 members.

From a single Club in Madrid, Spain, Rotary in the Continental Europe, North Africa, and the Eastern Mediterranean Region reached a peak in July, 1937, of 482 Clubs and 17,000 members. The subsequent loss of 280 Clubs and 10,150 members (including those of Japan), however, has been cancelled out by new gains elsewhere.

And on this day, March 31, 1941, altogether Rotary International has 5,029 Clubs with 210,000 members in some 60 countries of the world.

Such figures tell their story, but really to understand the soundness-at-the-core of Rotary, one must look behind them to the appeal Rotary has for

the business and professional man. There is nothing very mysterious about it. Rotary provides a mode for expressing the normal impulses a man has to be friendly and to do good for his fellowman.

We may just as well admit that there was a time when Rotarians were a little unnecessarily ebullient about it all. They were feeling their way, experimenting by the trial-and-error method, to discover techniques of putting their new ideas into action. Those were the days right after the World War, when it was popular for the self-conceded intelligentsia to be satiric, ironic, disillusioned—and “realistic.” At Rotary they hurled such names as “crusaders,” “psalm singers,” “Babbitts,” “back-scratchers.” George Bernard Shaw posed the question “Where is Rotary going?” and then himself responded grimly, “To lunch.”

A few Rotarians may have become self-conscious over “doing good.” Yet it is true that “sticks ‘n’ stones may break my bones, but names’ll never hurt me.” And Rotary was not injured. It went ahead. Footnote that with the fact that H. L. Mencken and Sinclair Lewis and George Bernard Shaw have contributed to columns of this, Rotary’s official magazine.

Today Rotary’s fellowship is a thing accepted. I am writing particularly of USCNB (United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Bermuda), but I do not encroach on other articles of this series on “The State of Rotary”* when I add that that observation would apply in other parts of the world as well. It is



a rare meeting for most of the 3,470 Clubs in USCNB when a visiting Rotarian doesn’t drop in—exemplifying our First Object: “The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.”

Acquaintance leads to friendship—and from friendship may spring both the subtle and the practical things that enrich living. I am thinking of one case of a gossiping mother of a failing student and the superintendent of his school. Something, she gave to understand, was not right in his previous record. So a group of his fellow Rotarians quietly motored over to the town from whence the superintendent had come and asked questions. The rumors were groundless. The schoolman was rehired and to this day, as far as I know, is giving his community fine

*Last month Cesar D. Andrade, Third Vice-President of Rotary International, wrote on Ibero-America; next month Rotary in “the rest of the world” will be reviewed.—Eds.

service. But you'll find nothing about it in files of local newspapers, not even in the Club records. Rotary friendliness characteristically works without publicity.

Rotary's Second Object seeks "to encourage high ethical standards in business and professions; the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations; and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society."

When Rotary started, back in 1905, the "labor is a commodity" school of economics was in its heyday. Competitors were to be watched, and plotted against, for wouldn't they do the same to you? The customer was a sheep—if not to be slaughtered, certainly to be trimmed. Now, Rotary hasn't achieved a miracle, nor should it be expected to. But it is a fair and an objective statement to note that Rotary's Second Object has not existed on paper alone; numerous American and Canadian Rotarians have attempted and are trying to interpret it in terms of achievement.

An American Past District Governor

faced with the necessity of reducing wages 10 percent. Instead of bluntly taking action, he called his employees in and put the case up to them. They cooperated, and their jobs went on.

It is not easy to get case studies of Rotarians applying Rotary Vocational Service teachings, because to natural modesty of men you must add the fact that reforms are put into operation quietly. But the instance of Almon E. Roth, of California, Past President of Rotary International, is well known. As head of the Waterfront Employers' Association, he has brought peace to the San Francisco shipping region.

Acting as individuals, Rotarians often become in fact "ambassadors to their craft" through activities in their trade associations. And it is a matter of complete record that Rotarians of the United States and Canada have been instrumental in securing the adoption of more than 200 trade and craft associations. A conservative estimate is that 60 percent of all Rotarians in USCNB are members of national or international craft associations, 33 percent are in State or Provincial associations, and 19 percent belong to local associations.

It isn't a part of Rotary International's technique to compel a man to do thus and so. But it does attempt to make clear to him the implications of the service ideal, then leave upon his shoulders the burden of making application. It is a case of, to paraphrase Goethe, "Let each man keep his own business in order, and soon all business will be in order."

In Community Service, comprehen-

hended by Rotary's Third Object, achievements of Rotarians and of Rotary Clubs are better known. Here we have something tangible and concrete, something that makes the news columns of local newspapers. Most of the news items from Rotary Clubs reported in THE ROTARIAN tell of Clubs applying the service ideal to various needs of the community.

Many of these activities fall into a pattern, for certain needs are common to all communities. An interest in crippled children is also a touch that makes kin of more hundreds of Clubs. Every town has its boys and girls, and thus hundreds of Clubs throughout North America sponsor or underwrite projects to further their welfare: Boy Scouts, youth bands and orchestras, parks and playgrounds, student loans—the list runs on and on.

Consider Scouting alone. In the United States, Rotary ranks ninth in the list of agencies currently engaged in the organization of Boy Scout troops. To date, Rotary in USCNB has organized approximately 1,100 Scout troops! In addition to personal service of Rotarians, thousands of dollars are contributed to Scout troops, and if the number of Scout camps and camp buildings and meeting halls could be compiled, the figure would astound.

Rotary interest in boys and girls follows them through adolescence. More than 15,000 young men and young women in the United States have been enabled to complete their education because Rotary Clubs maintain student loan funds. More than 2½ million dol-

Photos: (far left) Boston Globe; (below) Thomas Welles, Glendale News Press.



BOUNDARIES need be no bar to service, believe Rotarians. Here British children, in Ontario for "the duration," smile thanks for gifts from Rotarians of Michigan.

HUNDREDS of cities can point to Rotary-initiated projects. This near-sighted boy (right) is but one handicapped youth to benefit from the Home School Glendale, Calif., Rotarians began in 1922.

of Rotary, for example, tells how demands by a printing plant's employees cost \$60,000 cash and caused incalculable illwill—because management failed to seek an understanding with employees. He also tells the sequel—how he as president of his own printing plant heeded the Rotary idea. At the depth of the depression he was

lars has been so loaned on the finest collateral in the world: young folk.

Defense and war demands have brought new opportunities for Community Service. At Leavenworth, Kansas, for example, Rotarians provide a recreation center for khaki-clad young men. Rotarians of Kitchener-Waterloo, Canada, raised \$8,000 to help keep up the morale of Canadian soldiers and for war charities. Scores of Canadian Rotary Clubs also are doing their bit, adapting the service ideal to new needs and ways they think best.

Newest of Rotary's "services" is International Service. It is an extension of the simple idea that caused Paul Harris to bring together the nucleus for Rotary Club No. 1 in Chicago 36 years ago. Men who are acquainted can, and often will, become friends. They become better friends as together they work in behalf of a cause they esteem.

And so, Rotary's Fourth Object has become "The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service."

In 1910 Rotary became international. The concept of community had expanded from one city to national frontiers. Then the Rotary Club of Winnipeg was organized, and Canada made Rotary international. Steadily the logic of the world-a-unit idea has impressed itself upon the minds of Rotarians. Acquaintance has led to friendship, and friendship to common endeavor.

The outbreak of wars in the past few years has retarded the progress that was being made toward realizing Rotary's Fourth Object. Rather, I should say, it has caused a search for new channels of expression and the discovery that even few inland communities do not have needs which are to be bracketed in Rotary terminology under International Service.

There are aliens who need assistance in becoming naturalized, for example, and helps in orienting themselves to new environments. There are their sons and daughters to be integrated into local economies and societies. The fine work of a Canadian Rotary Club which sponsors an annual dinner for folk of different national origins can be duplicated in many communities. Sponsoring festivals in which sons and daughters of overseas lands present folk music and dances is a Club project already "taking on."

Five years ago Rotary International launched its Institutes of Understanding in the United States. The plan is for a Rotary Club to sponsor an Institute, four speakers on problems of international import being supplied. The response has been surprising and gratifying, especially in the Mid-West. During the current year, 188 Clubs sponsored Institutes, and a conservative estimate is that more than a million speaker-listener contacts resulted. Now, plans are under consideration to launch Institutes in other countries of the Western Hemisphere.

Rotary Clubs situated along national borders have an obvious opportunity

to carry on International Service. So frequent have meetings between American and Canadian Clubs become that the frontier is regarded as little more than a line on the map. Winnipeg, Canada, has just held its 17th annual international dinner, with some 400 persons from both sides of the border attending.

On the U. S.-Mexican border the story is repeated. Rotarians from both sides of the Rio Grande enjoy nothing so much as fraternizing under the Rotary wheel. Only last month, for example,



CHECKED AND wrapped, 30 more packages of food are on their way to Rotarians in European prison camps. Each month sees a similar shipment from Rotary's headquarters in Chicago. Clubs in 19 nations have contributed to Rotary International's Relief Fund.

the Rotary Club of West Los Angeles, California, conducted a successful goodwill tour by air through Mexico, meeting with fellow Rotarians at all the stops.

Acquaintance leads to friendship. . . . It didn't make the papers, and I doubt if the State Department knows of it, but in one case I know where Rotary friendship led to the solution of a vexing little problem across the U.S.-Mexican frontier. American tourists invading a certain Mexican town had done as tourists sometimes do. They made trouble for local police. Thereafter, the police not unnaturally anticipated trouble and locked up in a *calabozo* tourists they thought might make trouble. Parking ordinances, unknown to visitors, were rigidly enforced. Then it so came about that Rotarians of this Mexican city and those of a near-by American city got together, talked the problem out, and lo! harmony has since displaced discord.

With European sea lanes closed to travellers, Rotarians of North Ameri-

ca are turning to lands to the South, seeking to know them and their people better. It is significant that more than 500 Clubs of the United States and Canada have subscribed for 2,200 "Fourth Object" subscriptions to *REVISTA ROTARIA*, the Spanish edition of Rotary's official magazine, to be sent as a goodwill gesture to *non-Rotarians* of Ibero-America.

But USCNB Rotary Clubs have not altogether turned eyes inward to the Western Hemisphere in their search for International Service. On the contrary, the war has brought new opportunities in Europe. There is, for example, the Relief Fund of Rotary International, which is used for the alleviation of suffering among Rotarians in war-distressed countries.

An uncomputed number of American and Canadian Clubs are contributing money as well as materials to aid causes abroad. Many Rotarians are donating blood to be processed, and shipped overseas for succor of the wounded. That story, you will recall, was well told by Rotarian Norman Sommerville, head of the Canadian Red Cross, in the February *ROTARIAN* under the title *Thicker Than Water*. And in the *Rotary Reporter* section of each issue of this magazine you will find detailed notes of numerous specific proofs of the fact that International Service is not a dead letter in Rotary.

. . . In the foregoing I have presented a synoptic report of the numerical growth of Rotary in USCNB, and of the way Rotary's idealism has caught the imagination and has inspired men to action. Now, what of the future?

It would be easy to be pessimistic and easy to be sanguine. It is like the case of one man who says a glass of water is half empty, and another who says it is half full. It depends upon one's point of view—or, maybe, digestion. But sitting as I do, at the Central Office of the Secretariat of Rotary International, I can come to no other conclusion than that Rotary in USCNB is so firmly entrenched that it will go on to greater achievement.

Numerically, we are on the upgrade. Forty-seven new Clubs in USCNB have been established within the past eight months; the USCNB membership graph shows a continuing uplift from 154,961 to 156,099.

But even more significant is the increasing understanding of what Rotary is all about. As an understanding of the implications of the service ideal grows, men will see more ways in which it can be adapted to meet conditions peculiar to Clubs, vocations, and communities large and small.

Rotary, as an organization, has a minimum of direction from a central authority. Clubs conform to certain general provisions as set forth in the standard Constitution and By-Laws; from there on out the Club is autonomous. It decides what it shall do and how. The ingenious, varied ways Clubs of USCNB have put their Rotary to work in the past are an earnest of still greater service in the months and the years that unroll ahead.



Fireless Locomotives. Hazards of fire and explosives for defense have again focused attention on fireless locomotives for switching purposes. These locomotives look like the regular thing, but instead of boilers they have immense vacuum bottles which are charged at intervals with high-pressure steam from stationary boilers. Although some of the steam fed to the fireless locomotive is lost by condensation, the unit is practicable because of the lower cost of generating as compared with an ordinary small locomotive.

Gold Reflects Heat. Modern automobile enamels are baked on the metal of the bodies by the radiant heat of infrared rays, a method which employs large numbers of electric lamps arranged around the inside of a tunnel through which the coated parts pass. In order to apply the heat efficiently to work, gold-plated reflectors return stray heat to its job and permit high-temperature baking without letting the ovens themselves become uncomfortably hot.

Saving Paint. Where enamels are sprayed onto surfaces in large quantities, as in the automobile industry, the waste of material in the ventilating air of the spray booth has been found well worth saving. One large automobile-manufacturing company has installed water curtains on the walls of spray booths to recover this otherwise waste paint. The operation pays.

Ammonia As a Cattle Feed. Corn silage and the pulp from sugar beets are good cattle feeds, but they contain relatively little of the important muscle-building proteins. Experiments indicate that treatment of the feeds with ammonia under heat and pressure increases their content of nitrogen in a form useful to cows and sheep. Thus we may soon have farm animals at work converting synthetic ammonia from the air directly into meat.

Rayon Wool. A new type of rayon fiber is crimped in the process of manufacture to give it somewhat the characteristics of wool when made into fabrics. The new Fiber D—it has no better name yet—is said to shed dirt easily because of its especially smooth surface as contrasted to the rough surface of wool fibers.

'Things.' Just to satisfy the human craving to possess and handle strange products of science, a new type of serv-

ice has recently been inaugurated to send subscribers each month an actual sample of an interesting new stuff. Periodicals in plenty (even including *Peeps*) tell their readers about new things, but this unique proposal provides the thing itself.

New Death to Insects. A new and important weapon against insect pests which devour and destroy vast quantities of foodstuffs is poisonous to insects, but harmless to man. Phenothiazine, the new insecticide, is covered by United States Patent 2,127,566 dedicated to the free use of the people of the United States by the inventor, L. E. Smith, of the Department of Agriculture. The compound has been found effective against many insects, notably the codling moth, and safe ways of using it are being developed. It is more deadly than lead arsenate, but leaves no residue poisonous to human beings on fruit sprayed with it.

Better Glass. Glass makers are answering the challenge of the new plastics of high transparency with an improved glass of unusual clarity. The new glass is said to transmit somewhat more than 90 percent of the visible light reaching it. Vision through thicknesses as great as 24 inches is reported to be almost perfect. The value of the new glass lies in applications where several thicknesses are used for heat insulation, as in refrigerators and in windows of air-conditioned spaces.

Superlubricant. Severe conditions of service in modern high-speed Diesel engines quickly destroy ordinary lubricating oils and create a serious problem, which for want of sufficiently sturdy oil has limited development of these valuable engines. Among the troubles encountered has been the formation of deposits of "varnish" and carbon from the breakdown of oil at the high engine temperatures. Now the solution has been found by adding to lubricating oil one of the new synthetic "soapless soaps." This enables the oil to form a stable suspension or emulsion

with the decomposition products which would otherwise form damaging deposits on the cylinders, pistons, valves, and other engine parts. By thus continuously washing metal surfaces and carrying away damaging deposits, the life of the lubricant is greatly prolonged and the interval between necessary oil changes materially extended.

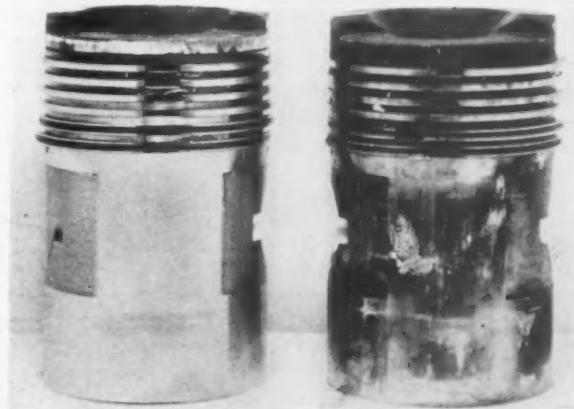
Level Controller. A new type of instrument to stop and start pumps according to the level of liquid in a tank uses electronic relays, similar to radio tubes. Capacities of electrical circuits carrying minute currents are altered by contact with the tank's contents, and this change is converted by the vacuum tube into energy great enough to throw switches. In effect the new device operates on the howl which early radio sets sometimes emitted as the operator's hand approached too close. Because this control is so delicate, it can be used to detect the level of dry powders, wet muds, or liquids (even gasoline) in storage vessels.

Inner Overshoes. Modern plastics in thin, waterproof sheets supply "overshoes" which go inside one's shoes to protect the feet from dampness.

Haircuts for Cottonseed. Cottonseed still retains a fuzz after it comes from the gin where the useful fiber is pulled off, and this residual fuzz interferes with the proper operation of mechanical planters. To overcome this trouble a new treatment with sulphuric acid has been developed to leave the seed completely bald. The bald seeds feed through a planter as easily as corn or beans. The process cleans the seeds of any disease and makes planting exact instead of hit or miss, as it was when seeds clung together by their fibrous fuzz.

Synthetic Brake Linings. Lacking supplies of asbestos, the Germans are reported to be making brake linings of synthetic rubber strengthened by the inclusion of tiny aluminum wires. They are claimed to be superior to metal brakes, but no comparison is noted with the usual type made of asbestos.

Photo: Esso Marketers, Inc.



A SEVERE 1,000-hour run on a lubricating oil containing an added dispersing agent left the Diesel-engine piston at the left clean and smooth. The piston on the right was removed from an engine operating 271 hours on a straight mineral oil.

Billy Phelps Speaking



IN THE YEAR 1921 the publishers sent me a printed copy of a novel by a well-known American author which they intended to publish three months later, and they felt so sure of its success that they wanted me to read it and give them, if I could, a favorable review of it well in advance of publication. I read the book through and did not like it at all. I told them I was unfavorably impressed by the book, did not admire it from the literary point of view, and felt sure also that it would not have a good sale. They wrote back that my letter was an acute disappointment as they had counted on the book's success. I then wrote and asked them if they had not some other book they were going to publish during the same season. They sent me an advance copy of a novel called *If Winter Comes*, by an Englishman named A. S. M. Hutchinson. This writer was not at all well known in either Europe or America, but it happened that I had read several of his novels, *The Happy Warrior*, *The Clean Heart*, and *Once Aboard the Lugger*. All three of these seemed to me to have originality in plot, in characterizations, and especially in a peculiar irresistible sense of humor. This was especially true of *Once Aboard the Lugger*, which after the author became famous was called by the late Heywood Broun Mr. Hutchinson's masterpiece. In fact, Mr. Broun regarded it as one of his own favorites among 20th-Century novels, and I agreed.

Very well, having read these novels, although they had had no sale and to the reading public the author's name was unknown, I read *If Winter Comes* and immediately wrote to the publishers, telling them they had a prize. I told them that *If Winter Comes* was one of the best novels that would be published in either Europe or America during 1921, that I had enjoyed every page of it, and that it certainly would have a big sale. When it appeared, I wrote a long review of it for the *New York Times*. It became instantly a best seller.

In later years many book reviewers usually referred to it as if it were nothing but a best seller; that is, as if it were sentimental slush, too saccharine, and

of no literary value. Yet I maintain to this day that *If Winter Comes* is an exceedingly good novel. I am not in the least ashamed of my early enthusiasm for it. I think its sentiment is genuine and its humor remarkable. The hero, Mark Sabre, represents from his childhood to middle age one of the rarest specimens of the human race—that is to say, a man gifted always with *understanding*, the ability to understand the opinions of people with whom he himself is in violent disagreement. When he was a boy at school and the other boys in conversation among themselves cursed the teacher, Mark would say, "But don't you see, being the teacher he has to hold those views? He has to enforce discipline?" And when the other boys called him the teacher's pet, he would vehemently deny that appellation.

I suppose the most famous letter ever written is a letter written by St. Paul (I Cor. 13). In the Authorized version the Greek word is translated "charity," but what St. Paul meant by charity was intellectual sympathy; the ability to understand fully how people can hold views exactly opposite to our own. Let me repeat that although during the last ten years *If Winter Comes* is referred to almost always with contempt, I am wholly unashamed of my admiration for it.

AFTER THE publication of that book, however, Mr. Hutchinson's zeal for righteousness eclipsed his wonderful sense of humor, and I am obliged to admit that most of the books that followed were a disappointment. Now, however, in 1941—exactly 20 years after the immense success of *If Winter Comes*—his new novel, *He Looked for a City*, is having a great and well-deserved success, especially among those reviewers who had given the author up as a hopeless sentimental. This new novel is a remarkable story of a present-day English family: the father a village rector, his wife and his children, one of whom is an uncompromising conscientious objector while his brother takes an active part as a naval officer in the war. The two daughters are also totally unlike except for a certain family likeness.

This is an amazingly good novel of the days in which we are now living. No unprejudiced person can read it without feeling the absolute reality of the characters. The hero is the father himself, the vicar, who from first to last is the chief character, and I advise Americans to read this book because it shows better than I have seen in any other contemporary novel the life of an English family in time of war.

* * *

I recommend also, inasmuch as Great Britain has been for over a year on the first page of every American newspaper and that many of us feel not only that it has held the highest place in history of any people, but that during the last year it has risen to supreme greatness in endurance and in courage, that we read during these terrible days a number of books on English history.

Busy Rotarians—and nearly all Rotarians are busy—have not the leisure to read a history in five or six volumes. Let me recommend, therefore, *History of England*, by George Macaulay Trevelyan, in one volume of about 720 pages. This book has the rare virtue of combining the scope and accuracy of a manual with a distinguished literary style. It is the best one-volume history of England that I know.

And inasmuch as England became a first-class power during the reign of Queen Elizabeth and has maintained that position ever since, and from the days of Elizabeth to the present moment has had the most powerful navy in the world, I suggest that they begin this book with reading the chapter on Queen Elizabeth, pages 323-374. Just now I happened to open the book at this passage, page 343: "It was the English who led the world in the evolution of a new kind of warfare at sea, decided by cannon fired through the portholes in the side of the ship. Drake's guns were not much smaller, though they were less numerous, than those on board Nelson's three-deckers." Ever since those days the British Navy has been the most powerful single force in the world and has withstood through four centuries the attempted invasions of all Continental powers. Mr. Trevelyan quotes the following eloquent and

accurate tribute to the British Navy under Elizabeth, for indeed it is certain that under the Virgin Queen the power of the British Navy for the first time was felt in every part of the world:

"Which of the Kings of this land before her Majesty had their banners ever seen in the Caspian Sea? Which of them hath ever dealt with the Emperor of Persia, as her Majesty hath done, and obtained for her merchants large and loving privileges? Who ever saw, before this regiment, an English Ligier (Ambassador) in the stately porch of the Grand Signor of Constantinople? Who ever found English Consuls and Agents at Tripolis in Syria, at Aleppo, at Babylon, at Balsara, and, which is more, who ever heard of Englishmen at Goa before now? What English ships did, heretofore, ever anchor in the mighty river of Plate? Pass and repass the impassable strait of Magellan, range along the coast of Chile, Peru, and all the backside of Nova Hispania further than any Christian ever passed?"—Hakluyt.

I suppose Queen Elizabeth is the most interesting person, man or woman, who ever occupied the British throne, and I therefore recommend a new book called *The Age of Elizabeth*, by Professor Andrew Browning; for all Americans who look with amazement at the courage and endurance of the British today can't help looking back through the centuries and seeing how great traditions were founded; and I once more urge Rotarians to read James Truslow Adams's *Empire on the Seven Seas*. It deals with the same subject from an American scholar's point of view. There is hardly any historical reading more exciting than that of the English, who century after century have successfully passed through such tremendous crises.

Of course, all readers are familiar with Everyman's Library, but I wish especially to recommend a new volume called *The English Galaxy of Shorter Poems*, poems which have been chosen and edited by Gerald Bullett. This is a very remarkable anthology of brief English lyrical poems.

Some years ago I stirred up a good deal of excitement in Canada by saying in print that the surest road to oblivion was to be a Canadian poet. I meant, of course, to arouse in Canada greater interest among readers in the poets and poetry of their own country. I do not think any citizen of the United States admires Canada and the Canadians more than I do, and I want all Canadians to be as proud of their poets as I am. I have greatly enjoyed the poetry of Wilson MacDonald, Robert Service, Bliss Carman, Isabella Crawford, Archibald Lampman, and many others, but I call the attention of Rotarians to a little book of Canadian poems which has received the Governor-General's Annual Literary Award for Poetry. This little volume is called *Under the Sun* and is by Arthur

S. Bourinot. The poems are original in thought and style and make particularly interesting reading. Incidentally, as one of the best-selling novels for the last six or seven months has been *Mrs. Miniver*, by the English novelist Jan Struther, I recommend a new volume of poems by the same author, *The Glass-Blower*. Curiously enough, *Mrs. Miniver* was so full of humor and gayety that those who open the volume of poems expecting to find pleasant frivolity will discover very fine poetry indeed, but deeply thoughtful in tone.

* * *

Books about America's great Western plains and mountains are always interesting, and perhaps especially so this year, when Rotary's Convention is to be held in Denver, Colorado. Therefore, I want particularly to recommend to all Rotarians a book of extraordinary interest combining excitement with accurate history, called *McGillycuddy: Agent—A Biography of Dr. Valentine T. McGillycuddy*, by Julia B. McGillycuddy, published by the Stanford University Press in California. The author writes from Houston, Texas, and I think the first paragraph of her preface will pre-

continuance of the story, including his altercations with government officials, with the press, and with men on the frontier, both white and red."

This is a volume of continuous thrills and yet giving us the actual story of this doctor's contacts both with some of the most famous Indian chiefs in American history and with equally famous white men. For example, the illustrations give us Sitting Bull and Red Cloud and Buffalo Bill—names that were household words in my childhood. And I say confidently that no "western," whether a fictional romance or a motion picture, is more exciting than this extraordinary book, and I wish personally to congratulate the author and the Stanford University Press for making these adventures now part of written American history.

* * *

Just at this moment a new book arrived, *West of the River*, by Dorothy Gardiner. The author was born in Naples of a Scotch father and an American mother, but she considers herself a true Westerner, as she grew up in Colorado. This amazingly interesting book is the biography of the Missouri River with the history of the immense country to the west of it and stories of the men who lived there. I think all who go to the Denver Convention will be particularly interested in the chapters dealing with "Soldiers, Freighters, and Pikes Peak," and those who know Denver well today will enjoy looking at the picture of Denver opposite page 280. This is one of the best books on the West that I have ever read and is filled with sparkling anecdotes.

* * *

As nearly all Rotarians are glad to hear of any new and valuable reference book, let me recommend the *Thorndike Century Senior Dictionary*, prepared by E. L. Thorndike. It has a little over 1,000 pages, and every word defined is printed in heavy black type, which adds enormously to the reader's convenience. For those who wish a dictionary of comparatively small size and containing the latest "gadgets," this will be found particularly useful. I wish this comparatively small volume were not quite so heavy, but I find that books of all varieties seem to be becoming every day heavier and heavier.

* * *

Books mentioned, publishers and prices:
He Looked for a City. A. S. M. Hutchinson. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. \$2.50.—*History of England.* George Macaulay Trevelyan. Longmans, Green.—*The Age of Elizabeth.* Andrew Browning. Thomas Nelson & Sons, London. 85c.—*Empire on the Seven Seas.* James Truslow Adams. Scribner's. \$3.50.—*The English Galaxy of Shorter Poems.* Edited by Gerald Bullett. Dutton. 90c.—*Under the Sun.* Arthur S. Bourinot. Macmillan. \$1.50.—*The Glass-Blower.* Jan Struther. Harcourt, Brace. \$1.50.—*McGillycuddy: Agent.* Julia B. McGillycuddy. Stanford University Press. \$3.—*West of the River.* Dorothy Gardiner. Crowell. \$3.50.—*Thorndike Century Senior Dictionary.* E. L. Thorndike. Appleton Century. \$3.



AGENT McGILLYCUDDY, whose adventures on the Western frontier with redmen and white are now part of written American history—in "a volume of continuous thrills."

pare readers for the straightforward narrative that is to follow:

"As the second wife of Dr. Valentine T. McGillycuddy—whose first wife I asked, before I was old enough to know better, if she thought the Doctor would marry me when she died—I have listened to his stories since my earliest childhood. After our marriage he jestingly parried requests that his reminiscences be taken down by dictograph or in shorthand for publication.

"But when I read aloud to him a fictionized story of his life which I had attempted, in disgust he protested that if I wrote of his experiences I must not deviate from facts; his life was history, he said, and must be exact. He then began relating the story of his life. Daily I intrigued my husband into a



Photo: H. W. Peterson

The Scratchpad Man Stows Away on

A Goodwill Flight to Mexico

WE WERE EXCITED! In a minute we'd be off on a 7,000-mile plane-and-bus trip into another land. We'd be gone 14 days. Adventure lay ahead. We felt it. . . . We could sniff it in the morning air. And I do mean morning—3 A. M.!

So when a Los Angeles Rotarian sprinted up to us with his camera and shouted, "Just one shot before you take off, folks," we gave him our divided attention—as his photo above shows. Then we climbed in.

Our two motors had been mumbling

throatily to each other. Now, suddenly, they spoke thunder—and we were off for Mexico. But, stop my prop, I'm several hops ahead of my story. Let me go back.

One day, ere 1941 was very old, Col. P. G. McDonnell came back from an air trip to Mexico and told his fellow Rotarians of West Los Angeles, California, all about it . . . how he had eaten *tostadas*, driven around old "Popo," climbed the pyramids, and talked to several Rotary Clubs . . . how heartily the smiling Mexican people and their Government welcome visitors from north of the Rio Grande. So alluring was "P. G.'s" story that the Club found itself organizing a goodwill air tour to Mexico. Neighbor Rotarians then asked to go along.

And that is how we happened to be at famed Glendale airport at 3 o'clock that morning. The lights of Los Angeles seemed only a few minutes behind us when we came down for our first stop—at Mexicali, just below the border . . . and there, in the borning dawn, was Gabriel Navarro Silva, airport station master and Rotarian, to welcome us.

Roaring down the coast, we "sat down" next at Hermosillo, and here the entire Rotary Club awaited us, laden with sandwiches and beverages. A little band played *South of the Border*.

'T was the same friendly round at the beautiful port city of Mazatlan and at Guadalajara, Mexico's second city. And at dusk—just 14 hours after leaving Los Angeles—our giant tires kissed the concrete runway at Mexico City. We were to headquarter in the beautiful capital, ply out from it for 12 days.

And what days they proved! . . . filled with cool drives to all those exotic places . . . the Toluca market, the pre-Aztec pyramids, snow-bald Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, the Sacred Shrine of Guadalupe, and picturesque Taxco, the loveliest Old World town in the New World.

But if a part of this polychrome of memories should fade, another never will—our happy hours in the homes and Clubs of Mexican Rotarians. That meeting at the Mexico City Rotary Club, for instance. It celebrated Rotary's 36th birthday—and good-neighborliness. Ambassador Josephus Daniels, well loved on both sides of the border, was an honored guest. At Puebla, every one of us had so much to say that the meeting was history and the hour past midnight before we departed. And at Cuernavaca we were guests at a *noche de damas* (ladies' night). *Magnifica!*

While our company of travellers was not large, it could speak for many, for it carried with it some 800 letters of friendly greetings from unknown friends in the United States. Notes from city Mayors and State Governors, from Rotary Club Presidents and District Governors, and from many of the Officers and Directors of Rotary International. Presented as they were in the language of our hosts, the letters were read eagerly everywhere.

In Mexico City President Earle R. Hilbert, of the visiting Club, told Rotarians that he felt a "great current of understanding" now flowed between his country and theirs. I nodded vigorously, for this goodwill flight itself was a strong little tributary.

—THE SCRATCHPAD MAN





HOSPITABLE AND FRIENDLY, the welcome at Hermosillo is typical of the cordial reception accorded the Californians everywhere. Here Eloy Martinez, President of the local Rotary Club, clasps the athletic frame of Earle Hilbert, President of the West Los Angeles Club, in a hearty *abrazo*. All along the line of flight, Mexican Rotarians wait the *Rotarios Americanos*, ready to rush them with friendship, food, and fun.

EXHIBITING "The Book" to eager Mexican eyes keeps T. E. Lewis constantly busy. Each of its 800 pages is a personal letter of friendly greeting to folks south of the border from men north of it—State Governors, Mayors, industrialists, Rotary Officers, Governors, and Club Presidents.

All photos not otherwise credited. Dr. Marvel Beem & J. K. Ingham



ORCHESTRAS, this one in charro garb, are ever on hand and help blend the gay hubbub of Spanish and English.

EVEN the Boy Scouts are out at Mazatlan—and while time presses, their precise maneuvers compel attention. The two troops are the pride—and a project—of the local Rotary Club.

NEW JERSEY Rotarian C. L. Traver, stopping in Mazatlan, is celebrating his 84th birthday, and the Club and its guests help.

AT GUADALAJARA it's Rotary day—and because the goodwill tourists cannot tarry long, the meeting is held at the airport, the visitors taking part.





MEXICO CITY Rotarians hand the gavel to the visitors, let them conduct the meeting, which will be long remembered for its cordial international fellowship. At the speakers' table are, from left to right, Visiting Dis-

trict Governor James K. Ingham (leaning forward); Ambassador Josephus Daniels; President Hilbert; Pablo Salas y Lopez, Acting President of the host Club; and Rotary International Director Carlos Sanchez Mejorada.

Photo: Powers



THEN come days of sightseeing filled with vistas like this of Mexico City's cathedral.

BELOW: The visitors lunch in the Grotto Cafe on their trip to the pyramids of the sun and moon . . .

"HASTA la vista, amigo mio!" District Governor Ingham says good-by to a new friend.

WHAT a picture! One of the Californian visitors snapped it in the Indian market at Toluca

and, another day, come upon picturesque Taxco

Photo: (below) National Railways of Mexico





IS a photographer's holiday. He has but to aim to get the ubiquitous flower vendor, the sloe-eyed maid of Cuernavaca, the man and his parrot.

(at above and right below) John Green from NeSmith; (below) Casa Calpini



THE MARKET'S the heart of the Mexican village, and the visitors leave arm-laden with hats, baskets, pottery, and sarapes.

FOR THE GOODWILL party, as for all tourists, the floating gardens of Xochimilco are a "must" stop. This sturdy chap poles one of the flower-decked boats.

AND SO, TOO SOON, it's "hasta luego!" and the little company of Californians assembles at the capital city's airport for the homebound takeoff. On their lips and in their hearts is a deep affection for this bright

land and its cheerful people. Of their Rotarian hosts they cannot say enough. With Mexico, Rotary in Mexico has great days ahead, they feel. And if they themselves hoped to please, be it said they did—*por cierto!*





TOM J. DAVIS, of Butte, Mont., President-Nominee of Rotary International, 1941-42.

'Ornery' Member. When KENNETH BOYNTON lost his own Rotary Club (Albany, N. Y.) badge, the Troy, N. Y. Club, where he frequently "makes up" heard of it and presented him with a Troy badge with his name and classification inscribed.

Golf Picker. When Cuba's professional golf champion challenged the United States to select a golfer to meet him on his home grounds, it was L. B. ICELY, a member of the Chicago Rotary Club, who picked Sam Snead to play the match—which Snead won.

War 'Refugees.' One thousand orchids, "refugees" from coal-rationed British greenhouses of the Duke of Westminster, are being cared for by PAST DISTRICT GOVERNOR JAMES DONN, a member of the Miami, Fla., Rotary Club. Classification? Why—florist!

Put the 'Ro' in Rotary. Iowa Falls, Iowa, Rotarians have a couple of new Rotary songs as the result of a poetic spell by the REV. JOHN D. CLINTON, a member, who wrote verses for two old favorites—*Lightly Row*, and the round *Row, Row, Row Your Boat*. The latter, says ROTARIAN CLINTON, puts the "Ro in Rotary," as follows:

*Ro- Ro- Ro- Tary,
The Club that takes the wheel.
The more you sing
And get the swing,
The better you will feel.*

Honors. J. ALBERT RIGG, honorary member of the Rotary Club of Alderson, W. Va., has recently been reelected president of the National Crushed Stone

Association. . . . Three Argentine Rotarians—DR. ABEL SANCHEZ DIAZ, Secretary of the Buenos Aires Rotary Club, his fellow Club member DR. TOMÁS J. RUMI, and DR. ENRIQUE HERRERO DUCLOUX, an honorary member of the La Plata Rotary Club—are heading the committee organizing the National Argentine Bromatological Conference to be held in Tucumán in July. DR. SANCHEZ DIAZ is chairman of the committee; the others are vice-chairmen.

When the fourth international convention of the South American Union of Engineering Societies was held in Lima, Peru, ALBERTO ALEXANDER, Governor of Rotary's 36th District, presided. . . . For the fourth time ALBERTO BREYER, of the Rotary Club of Buenos Aires, is serving as president of the Argentine Entomologic Society.

The silver beaver award of the Boy Scouts of America seems to find its way to Rotarians rather regularly. PHILIP W. KIPLINGER and TERRELL WOOSLEY, of the Rotary Club of Lake Charles, La., and ROBERT DOEPFL, of the Rotary Club of Winnetka, Ill., are among those recently decorated with it. . . . CORDELL HULL, an honorary member of the Rotary Club of Carthage, Tenn., recently set a new record for length of service in the post of Secretary of State of the United States when he started a ninth year. The *Christian Science Monitor* points out that with the possible exception of WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD, who served in Civil War times, ROTARIAN HULL has had the grimmest task ever to confront a Secretary of State.

The Cape Girardeau, Mo., Rotary Club honored its member ALLEN L. OLIVER, Past International Director, with a meeting on ALLEN L. OLIVER Day, at which he was presented with a plaque commemorating his 22 years of service in Rotary. . . . SIR NESS WADIA, of the Bombay, India, Rotary Club, was recently honored on completing 50 years with his firm.

RAY F. DVORAK, of the Madison, Wis., Rotary Club, and leader of the University of Wisconsin band, is a member of the board of directors of the American Bandmasters' Association. . . . DR. ELMER SEVRINGHAUS, also a Madison Rotarian, has been chosen the first recipient of a governmental travel grant for the exchange of "distinguished cultural, professional, and artistic leaders between the United States and the other American Republics."

ARMANDO DE ARRUDA PEREIRA, President of Rotary International, was recently made a chief of the Ponca tribe of Indians at Oklahoma City, Okla. His name is "CHIEF GOOD NEIGHBOR," now. . . .

For "promotion of goodwill and understanding," *The Churchman*, publication of the Protestant Episcopal Church, has granted its annual award to ROTARIAN WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, of Emporia, Kans. . . . J. CRAIG SMITH, President of the Sylacauga, Ala., Rotary Club, was awarded the golden key of the Junior Chamber of Commerce as the "outstanding young businessman of the year."

LUIS MACHADO, whom many readers remember as Chairman of the Host Club Executive Committee at Rotary's Havana Convention and Past International Director, has been invited by the President of Panama to visit that republic and advise with the Government on economic matters, particularly on the promotion of Pan-American travel.

Did You Help? Under this title the Rotary Relief Fund Committee reports on some of the activities which that fund has made possible: support of refugee Rotarians in Hungary, the care of a Czech Rotarian who was injured after reaching the United States, packets of sweets and tobacco for war prisoners, and many other Rotary acts of relief. Individuals as well as Clubs are welcome to send donations direct to the Rotary Relief Fund Committee, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill.

500% Attendance! For the past 20 years (plus three months) ROTARIAN LEE W. BERRY, of the Long Branch, N. J., Club, has maintained his record of attendance at 100 percent. But for the past four of those years, this has seemed too easy, so he has raised his own limit and visited four Clubs each week as well as his own. He was a charter member of the

Long Branch Rotary Club, and his record begins with its first meeting.

Non-Rotary Rotary Meeting. It wasn't scheduled as a Rotary intercity meeting, but many a well-known Missouri Rotarian was on hand at Chillicothe, Mo., recently for the 50th-anniversary dinner of the Chillicothe Business College, given by the Chillicothe Chamber of Commerce. ALLEN MOORE, Governor of Rotary's 134th District, and his brother, ROY MOORE, active Rotarian, own and operate the college. In the limelight were CARL E. BOLTE, of Slater, Community Service member of Rotary's Aims and Objects Committee; ROBERT E. LEE HILL, of Columbia, Past President of Rotary International; WILLIAM G. KEATH, of Chillicothe, Past District Governor and an honorary Rotarian; COL. A. M. HITCH, of Boonville; E. P. PUCKETT, of Fayette, an educator; and many others.

Rotary 'Hams' Hobnob. The ether vibrated with Rotary messages one night not long ago when Rotary amateur radio enthusiasts held an "intercity" meeting via the ten-meter band. DR.

M. C. HECHT, of the Rotary Club of Wilmette, Ill.—known to his "ham" brethren as "W9IJX"—had planned it with KENNETH C. BRYAN (K6MVV), President of the Wahiawa-Waialua, Hawaii, Rotary Club, a few days previously, and they brought in HAROLD H. ROBINSON (W4EDD), of Coral Gables, member of the Miami, Fla., Rotary Club, and P. A. SMOLL (W5HDH), Alamogordo, N. Mex., Rotarian. "ROBBIE" and "P. A.," as they are known on the airways, joined in the program.

How many other Rotary "hams" are there? These four, whose call letters are given, would like to hear from all Rotary amateur operators, with call letters and frequencies.

Add: Rotary Congressmen. To the list of Rotarians in the Congress of the United States (March ROTARIAN) add the name of CLYDE T. ELLIS, an honorary member of the Rotary Club of Bentonville, Ark.

Directors-Nominee. For the five Directors of Rotary International from outside Great Britain, Ireland, the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Bermuda, the Board of Directors has nominated C. J. STEIGER, Zurich, Switzerland; FRANCIS A. KETTANEH, Beirut, Lebanon; YEN TE-CHING, Shanghai, China; JOAQUIN SERRATOSA CIBILS, Montevideo, Uruguay; and JULIO GERLEIN COMELIN, Barranquilla, Colombia.

For U. S. Defense. In 1898 ARTHUR EBBS, now a member of the St. Louis, Mo., Rotary Club, volunteered and served in the Spanish-American War. In 1917 his son, PAUL ALLEN EBBS, served in the Signal Corps, active service, leaving his studies at the University of Wisconsin. Now PAUL ALLEN EBBS, JR., has volunteered for service in the Navy, leaving Regis College, Denver, Colo., to put in his "hitch."

Hill's Paradise. EVERETT W. HILL, Past President of Rotary International, and an honorary member of the Rotary Club of Oklahoma City, Okla., has found the rural retreat he has long desired. On a 106-acre farm near Springfield, Mo., he has some Herefords and chickens, and will add sheep. He has a lake stocked with fish and a home perched 110 feet above the James River. He calls it his "bit of heaven."

A Crop of Boys. "What makes a bad boy?" asks JOHN A. EISENHAUER, a member of the Hudson, Ohio, Rotary Club and for 25 years superintendent of the Cleveland Boys' Farm. "Three vital elements have failed the boy—home, church, and school." In planning his crop of boys—good boys—ROTARIAN EISENHAUER finds out which of the three has been most lacking—usually the home—and supplies the lack. He was recently awarded the silver beaver medal for his work with the Boy Scouts.

Rotarians As Moderators. Although only 15 of the 100 ministers in the Presbyterian Synod of Alabama are Rotarians, they seem to be preferred as

moderators of the body. Since 1936 they have been so chosen. In 1936 it was REV. SAM BURNETT HAY, D.D., then a member of the Rotary Club of Auburn, Ala.; in 1937, REV. MELTON CLARK, D.D., of Anniston, Ala.; in 1938, REV. DONALD C. MACGUIRE, D.D., of Montgomery, Ala.; in 1939, REV. WILLIAM B. CLEMMONS, of Selma, Ala.; and last year, REV. WARNER DUBOSE, D.D., of Mobile, Ala.

Dollars Wear Sarongs. Teaching economics through homely example, ROTARIAN FRED HUHNEMANN, of Pittsfield, Mass., now pays with dollar bills enclosed in a cellophane "kimona" with a neat "sarong" that tells that this dollar is a local one and was paid out in a local payroll. Previously, for five years he paid in silver dollars, scarce items in the New England States, to bring home the same lesson.

Books by Rotarians. ROTARIANS WILLIAM H. TWENHOFF and STANLEY TYLER, of Madison, Wis., have recently published *Methods of Study of Sediments*. It's a geologic study, not a novel! . . . *The Lollipop Tree*, a book of child's verse by FREDERICK ABBOTT, of the San Antonio, Tex., Rotary Club, has brought the author an honorary membership in the Eugene Field Society. . . . A "production tax" is *The Answer to Unemployment*, according to ROTARIAN J. ROY



FATHER AND SON—yes—and both have served their Rotary Club—Yakima, Wash.—as President. They are the B. A. Perkins, Sr. and Jr. The latter is the current President



WITH a characteristic gesture of greeting, Wendell L. Willkie, with Mrs. Willkie, faces a Montreal, Canada, Rotary Club meeting.



WHEN, in an intercity meeting at Clinton, Okla., 230 Rotarians marked the golden weddings of three Rotary couples—the Jess Hudiburgs, the William Hughes, and the J. D. Simpsons (seated, left to right)—many well-known Oklahoma Rotarians were on hand. Among them were International Youth Committee Chairman Doane R. Farr, International Director Jeff H. Williams, and District Governor Hal A. McNutt (first, third, and fourth from left, standing).



MEETING in plenary session, the Nominating Committee for President of Rotary International is shown in a recess in its two-day deliberations. Despite the present difficulties of travel, members came from Ecuador, Australia, and Canada to attend this all-important meeting. As has already been announced, they selected Tom J. Davis, of Butte, Mont. (see opposite page), as the Nominee. From left to right: Frank Phillips (U. S. A.), Douglas A. Stevenson (Canada), Cesar D. Andrade (Ecuador), Samuel T. J. Bennett (U. S. A.), Jeff H. Williams (U. S. A.), Angus S. Mitchell (Australia), and C. Reeve Vanneman (U. S. A.).

ELLISON, of Portland, Oreg. This tax on production as it leaves the machine would, according to his book of the same name, replace all other taxes. . . . *Training Your Dog*, by CARL SPITZ, a member of the Studio City Rotary Club, with a foreword by ACTOR CLARK GABLE, explains this California Rotarian's unique classification (see April ROTARIAN).

Scandinavian Travels. DR. HEINRICH GROSSMAN, a member of the Zurich, Switzerland, Rotary Club, recounting his travels in wartime Scandinavia, told the Club that Finland "is tackling the economic and social problems of post-war time with the same calm and national discipline with which it con-

ducted war last year." Every Finn takes part in integrated community service. In Sweden ROTARIAN GROSSMAN found much the same organization for defense as in Switzerland—even the women are taking part.

Rotarian's Reach. CLARENCE SCHOCK, a charter member of the Rotary Club of Mount Joy, Pa., has published a creed of economics which includes "fair and satisfactory remuneration to both labor and management," "more equitable distribution of the nation's wealth," and "a square deal to everyone." That ROTARIAN SCHOCK lives up to his creed is shown by his recent action in creating a trust of his company holdings in the Schock Independent Oil Company—

100 percent of the stock—the income from which, except for a small income for himself and wife, is to go to the community served by his company—the "community" being practically all the county. Under the trust, \$20,000 was set aside for distribution to the various school districts of Lancaster County on December 31, 1940, in proportion to their enrollments.

Rotary Bequest. In her will the widow of the late G. H. KING, a member of the Johannesburg, South Africa, Rotary Club, left £5,000 to the Club for continuation of its "Good Samaritan" work. The Club has placed the bequest in a trust fund and elected trustees from among the members.

Meet Them at Rotary—Every Week!

For the past 780 meetings, *at least*, these Rotarians haven't missed a meeting—or if they have, they have made it up.

(1) Irving Demarest, building materials, 17½ yrs., Perth Amboy, N. J.; (2) Frank M. Wilson, paper boxes, 19½ yrs., Sioux City, Iowa; (3) Roy Conner, retail fish, 15½ yrs., Washington, Pa.; (4) George E. Lyon, business colleges, 16½ yrs.; (5) Carl E. Paisley, druggist, 16½ yrs.; and (6) J. Lee McFate, wholesale confectioner, 20½ yrs., all of New Castle, Pa.

(7) William L. Watters, druggist, 16½ yrs.; and (8) Will G. Eichener, men's furnishings, 16½ yrs., both of West Liberty, Iowa; (9) I. N. Kennedy, dentist, 18½ yrs., Eustis, Fla.; (10) W. E. Hodgson, physician, 15% yrs., Glassport, Pa.

(11) Wilhelm F. Alten, insurance, 19½ yrs.; Monongahela, Pa.; (12) Charles Goldstein, retail drygoods, 18 yrs., Oswego, N. Y.; (13) Roy T. Jefferson, building specialties, 22½ yrs.; (14) Fred W. Wanless, real estate, 16 yrs.; (15) Diedrich Schwengels, past service, 20 yrs.; and (16) J. H. Young, investment banker, 16½ yrs., all of Springfield, Ill.

(17) R. M. Mitchell, druggist, 16½ yrs., Griffin, Ga.; (18) Ellsworth L. Kelley, past service, 18 yrs., Putnam, Conn.; (19) Otis B. Whitford, dentist, 19½ yrs., Plainfield, N. J.; (20) Luke P. Pettus, advertising, 20½ yrs., Savannah, Ga.; (21) Woodie Barr, railroads, 17 yrs., Newnan, Ga.

(22) John T. King, physician, 16½ yrs., Thomasville, Ga.; (23) Harold Harris, lumber dealer, 15½ yrs.; and (24) Albert Horner, banker, 15½ yrs., both of Wynne, Ark.; (25) Charles L. Foreman, tailor, 16½ yrs., Donora, Pa.; (26) Fred Massengill, publisher, 19½ yrs., Terrell, Tex.; (27) George R. Barnstead, publisher, 18 yrs., Stoneham, Mass.

(28) C. F. Sweet, exodontist, 16 yrs., Minot, No. Dak.; (29) Fred W. Stoddard, dentist, 16½ yrs., Loveland, Colo.; (30) Karl Kloos, educator, 16½ yrs., Lawrence, Kans.; (31) Morgan Richards, traffic service, 22 yrs.; and (32) Claude E. Suttles, cotton factor, 21½ yrs., both of Selma, Ala.; (33) John Todd, steam radiators, 21 yrs., Huntington, W. Va.; (34) W. L. Bywater, physician, 17½ yrs., Iowa City, Iowa; (35) Ralph B. Smith, abstractor, 15½ yrs., Keokuk, Iowa.

(36) Paul S. Bond, electric power, 15½ yrs., Charlotte, Mich.; (37) Herbert R. Gillette, publisher, 16½ yrs., Howell, Mich.; (38) Dennis Clancy, teachers' exchange, 19½ yrs.; (39) William O. Keas, abstractor, 19 yrs.; and (40) Fred E. Perry, clothier, 20½ yrs., all of Hillsdale, Mich.; (41) James E. Fonda, dentist, 17 yrs.; and (42) Edward A. Anderson, contractor, 17 yrs., both of Winnetka, Ill.; (43) George Rasche, Jr., wholesale meats, 16½ yrs., New Philadelphia, Ohio.

Photos: (11) Windsor; (17) Kelley; (27) Haviland; (29) Stoddard; (35) Aschutz; (39) Lexington; (41, 42) Carlos.





Rotary Reporter

Club Shows Youth Citizenship Path Other service clubs and civic groups helped swell a large audience when the Rotary Club of HATTIESBURG, Miss., presented a playlet and pageant, *Young Citizens to the Rescue*, written by a member and presented through the efforts of the Citizenship Committee.

Rotary Provides Movies for Sick The San José Hospital of SANTIAGO, CHILE, has been presented with a movie projector, so that films may be shown the patients. It was a gift of the Rotary Club of SANTIAGO.

'Skull Dull College' "Skull Dull College" Seniors Graduate existed only long enough for 17 of its "seniors" to graduate recently when the Rotary Club of CANANDAIGUA, N. Y., turned its program into a travesty on college commencement to celebrate the granting of senior-membership classification to 17 members requesting it.

Senior membership is permitted the Rotarian who has either been a member of Rotary Clubs for 20 or more years or who has reached the age of 65 and has been a Rotarian for five or more consecutive years. It has all the qualifications and privileges of active membership save that it opens the classification previously held to new members.

Boys Work? Rotary Does It Everywhere The Rotary Club of MAZATLÁN, MEXICO, sponsors a troop of Boy Scouts—as do so many Rotary Clubs in so many countries. A recent program of the Club was put on by the troop, at which 15 of the Scouts received their badges from the Rotarians. . . . The ELECTRA, TEX., Rotary Club sponsors a Boy Scout troop for underprivileged boys, and was recently able to report that its troop had been adjudged as making the most progress in a limited time in the area. . . . The Rotary Club of TEGUCIGALPA, HONDURAS, with the coöperation of local business houses, gave 330 poor children clothes, toys, and sweets.

Work for children accomplished by the Rotary Club of BABAHoyo, CHILE, includes creation of a committee on a children's park, establishment of a children's library, and presentation of clothing to needy children. . . . Clubs in Argentina have accomplished the following: The Rotary Club of SEIS DE SEPTIEMBRE gave 27 prizes to students in the schools at a ceremony at which 400 of the scholars were present. The TIGRE Rotary Club gave eight such prizes. The SAN FRANCISCO Rotary Club gave nine. The Rotary Clubs of VILLA

MARIA, BELL-VILLE, and CAÑADA DE GOMEZ gave their awards at "ladies' night" programs, while the Rotary Clubs of AYACUCHO, VEINTICINCO DE MAYO, and SAN JUAN held their meetings at the schools where the prizes were awarded.

The PHOENIX, ARIZ., Rotary Club supports a playground for underprivileged children with a 5-cents-per-year donation on each member's birthday. . . . The Rotary Club of DUNEDIN, NEW ZEALAND, supports the Boy Scouts and an occupational-counselling program.

The largest check ever issued by the Boys' Clubs of America, Inc., building fund went to the Boys' Club of LAREDO, TEX., for its new home. The Rotary Club of LAREDO has been active in the organization and growth of the Boys' Club, and it was Rotarian A. W. Pettit who, as chairman of the building committee, received the check.

The Rotary Club of GOTEBORG, SWEDEN, has pledged 600 crowns a month for the support of orphans in Finland and needy children in Northern Norway for the next six months. This sum will support 20 children.

Convention Plans Speeding Up From the Convention Office opened in DENVER, COLO., where Rotary's international Convention will be held June 15-20, comes news that already reservations have begun pouring in. ROCKY FORD, COLO., was the first Rotary Club to register for 100 percent of its members, but DENVER, COLO., followed with 200 percent! Other large reservations are 140 from LOS ANGELES, CALIF.; 40 from KANSAS CITY, Mo.; and 35 from BOSTON, MASS. . . . An addition to the auditorium is being completed. . . . The House of Friendship furniture has been ordered—it will be of Southwestern United States design and extraordinarily comfortable. . . . And the entertainment for the ladies has already been planned and promises to elicit many a ladylike exclamation of delight.

Some Programs That 'Clicked' The Rotary Club of NEW PLYMOUTH, NEW ZEALAND, put on a mock trial, the feature of which was the collection of subscriptions for the "Sunshine Box." . . . The Rotary Information Committee invites each new member of the Rotary Club of BALLARAT, AUSTRALIA, to a meeting at the home of one of its members at which the newcomer meets the Committee and learns about Rotary.

Not one but two "roundtables" of Rotarians meet in MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA, on days the Rotary Club is not meeting. Visitors are invited to meet with them at either "The Wattle" or "The Mutual."

. . . MANILA, THE PHILIPPINES, Rotarians learned of the fleetness of today's communication at a recent meeting when they sent greetings to Rotary Clubs in China, the East Indies, and the United States directly from a cable station set up in the Club's dining-room. Fifteen minutes later, answers began arriving from the Clubs addressed.

Clubs Exchange 'Member Friends' As an International Service feature, the Rotary Club of SANTIAGO, CHILE, has named a member, a former Ambassador to Brazil, as the Club's official "Friend of Brazil," and the Rotary Club of RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL, has named a member, a Judge of the Supreme Court, as "Friend of Chile." The duty of these members is to keep the Clubs informed of interesting happenings to Rotarians in the countries they "represent."

Progress 'Midst War's Destruction The WEST BROMWICH, ENGLAND, Rotary Club is arranging to furnish vacant dwellings as one- and two-room apartments for the use of victims of bombing who have no place to go. . . . Veterans of the pottery trades 65 years or older are enjoying a new pavilion or clubhouse, built for them by the Rotary Club of STOKE-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND. . . . For soldiers and sailors whose leave is so short they cannot get home, the GUILDFORD, ENGLAND, Rotary Club has opened a comfortable hostel. . . . British Rotarians serving in the forces in Greece were recently invited to be guests of the Rotary Club of ATHENS. . . . COLCHESTER, ENGLAND, Rotarians acted the part of Santa Claus for Australian troops billeted near-by—in fact, one of the Rotarians actually made a midnight delivery of presents!

The LOUGHBOROUGH, ENGLAND, Rotary Club has decided that with so many members concerned with air-raid work, if the "alert" sounds during a regular meeting, the meeting closes forthwith—though members may take their food away with them. . . . The Rotary Club of DURBAN, SOUTH AFRICA, is handling families evacuated from the Near East, and has won wide acclaim by its organization and efficiency. Approximately one-third of the 4,500 families expected have been met and settled and are being entertained by Rotarians.

The four Clubs on Cape Breton, N. S., Canada—GLACE BAY, NEW WATERFORD, SYDNEY, and NORTH SYDNEY—have seen to it that no member of the armed forces stationed there lacks entertainment. . . . The NEW BEDFORD, MASS., Rotary Club has offered its courtesies to all officers, Rotarians or not, at a near-by Army

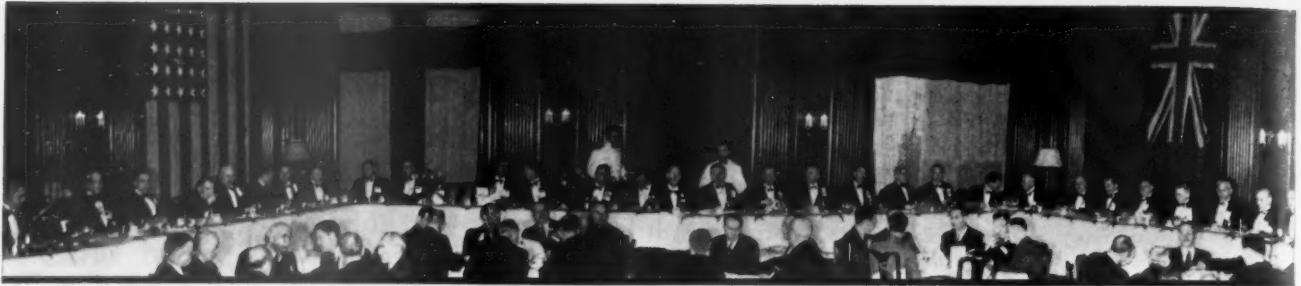
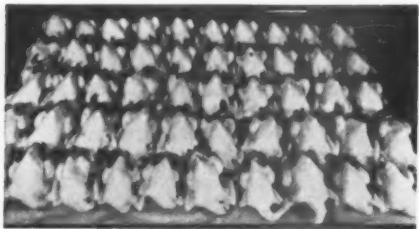


Photo: H. K. White

WINNIPEG, Man., Canada, celebrated its 17th annual international meeting with many of the 400 present coming from the United States.



A GOODWILL mission from Thailand visits a meeting of the Bombay, India, Rotary Club.



TURKEYS raised \$1,000 for the Renfrew, Ont., Canada, Rotary's crippled-children fund.



VOCATION counsel means real work with the boys for Rotarians of Endicott, N. Y.



NURTURED by Rotarian Dr. O. T. Hodnefield, this community children's orchestra grew so large that his Club, Crescendo-Canada, Calif., has undertaken the further sponsorship.

post, now used as an officers' school. . . . NORTH SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, Rotarians raised funds for three kettledrums for the Flying School troops.

The VICTORIA, B. C., CANADA, Rotary Club has raised \$6,000 for the LONDON, ENGLAND, Lord Mayor's Fund. . . . The MADRAS, INDIA, Rotary Club sponsored a play to raise relief funds. . . . BRAKPAK, SOUTH AFRICA, Rotarians organized a trip to a military camp, where local men are training, for dependents of the volunteers. All expenses were borne by Rotarians.

BALLARAT, AUSTRALIA, and CAPETOWN, SOUTH AFRICA, are two widely separated localities, but in each the local Rotary Club recently organized to collect waste materials that might have further military use. . . . BATAVIA, NETHERLANDS INDIES, Rotarians contributed 650 florins and the Rotary Club treasury added 250 florins more to relief and airplane funds. . . . STOKE NEWINGTON, ENGLAND, Rotarians engaged in "night transport" work—that is, carrying servicemen after the bus lines have closed down for the night—averaged only five miles per trip, but the total mileage in six months was 22,037 miles.

The EALING, ENGLAND, Fire Services are the proud possessors of a mobile canteen—thanks to the local Rotary Club. . . . The DUNEDIN, NEW ZEALAND, Rotary Club is assisting in running the Service Club for men on leave. . . . The WARWICK, AUSTRALIA, Rotary Club suggested a highly successful public thanksgiving day for the victories in Africa, and aided in its organization. . . . "Utilizing the classification principle" is what the Rotary Club of ADELAIDE, AUS-

TRALIA, calls the existence of its Business Advisory Committee (see page 64, November, 1940, ROTARIAN). A slight correction, however—the Committee is appointed by the President and utilizes any one of the Club's members to handle the problems brought up by teen-aged children or worried wives whose husbands have gone to the front and who are handling the family business.

"Neighbors' groups," or committees of citizens in each street who are ready to act in accord with authorities in an emergency, are proving their worth. The Rotary Club of PORTSMOUTH, ENGLAND, was the first to conceive of this measure of local defense. . . . The CROYDON, ENGLAND, Rotary Club has opened a hostel for bombed-out civilians. The city furnished the building, but the Rotary Club furnishes the funds for maintenance and paid staff, and the wives of Rotarians act as volunteer workers. It accommodates about 90 people.

Iron Lungs Breathe The Rotary Clubs of WOOSTER, ORRVILLE,

RITTMAN, and DALTON, OHIO, are coöperating in raising funds for the purchase of an iron lung for Wayne County. The Rotary Club of MILLERSBURG, OHIO, in an adjoining county, has put on a demonstration of how the iron lung works, with polio victims who have recovered, as special guests.

Rotary Blood Donors Organized The Rotary Club of CLIFTON SPRINGS, N. Y., has organized a legion of blood donors. Because of the new techniques (described in *Thicker Than Water*, by Norman Sommerville, in the February ROTARIAN), it will not be necessary to type the donors. The blood can be stored as "plasma."

Club Organizes Fire Department "Today, thanks to the initiative of the Rotary Club, the fire department of MARACAIBO, VENEZUELA, is a fact," reports the Governor of Rotary's 44th District, Jose D. Leonardi, of MARACAIBO. Under the "push" of Rotary, the necessary funds for proper equipment were guaranteed, and official support obtained.

'Service' Still Rotary's Link Before postal communications between Hungary and England (which are not at war with each other) were cut, the Rotary Club of ESHER, ENGLAND, sent a flag and message to the Rotary Club of BUDAPEST, HUNGARY. Unable to reply directly, because

of the break, the BUDAPEST Club sent its own flag and thanks to the NEW YORK, N. Y., Rotary Club, which transmitted them to ESHER in due course.

As a matter of ordinary Rotary courtesy, the Rotary Club of BATTLE CREEK, MICH., was happy to help a visitor, a Rotarian, at the local hospital, and his wife. But the CHARLOTTE, N. C., Rotary Club, of which the visiting patient was a member, thought the action more than ordinary, and has sent the BATTLE CREEK Club an engrossed resolution of thanks, signed by every member of the CHARLOTTE Club, for permanent record.

Photo: Milwaukee Journal



STATE Governor Julius Heil led his team to victory over Mayor Carl Zeidler's cohorts at a Milwaukee, Wis., annual Rotary picnic.

Glee Club Aids Health Camp A concert of the University of Pittsburgh Glee Club raised funds for the underprivileged children fund of the IRVINGTON, N. J., Rotary Club. The program was conducted with the aid of the Irvington Health Camp, for which the erection of an additional dormitory is being planned.

Community Gains through Rotary NAPIER, NEW ZEALAND, Rotarians take active part in all community services, including the local hospital, the Children's Home, and the Blind Club. . . . The Rotary Club of NICE, FRANCE, has donated 10,000 francs to the National Aid Fund, of which Charles Jourdan-Gassin, Governor of Rotary's 48th District, is assistant departmental delegate. . . . More than 1,000 children from the poorer sections

and an orphan home were guests at a special cinema show given by the Rotary Club of SEREMBAN, FEDERATED MALAY STATES. . . . The INVERCARGILL, NEW ZEALAND, Rotary Club organized an annual sale of goods made by the blind. Members of the Club were active in reorganizing the local Y.M.C.A.

The CAPETOWN, SOUTH AFRICA, Rotary Club has sent 14 radio sets to local institutions and other recreational gifts to a number of others. . . . The Rotary Club of VICHY, FRANCE, presented 20,000 francs to Marshal Pétain to be used in charity work. . . . Despite restricted supplies, the Rotary Club of SMETHWICK, ENGLAND, sent a cake to every one of the cripples cared for by the Club. . . . The GEELONG, AUSTRALIA, Rotary Club supplies milk to the children of poor families. . . . Rotarians of the PENANG, STRAITS SETTLEMENTS, Club have supplied music for the band at a leper colony, supplied magazines and books to local hospitals and institutions, and are making a community social survey—among other things. . . . Since 1936 the Chinese members of the Rotary Club of HANKOW, CHINA, have maintained an eye clinic. In 1937, 11,189 patients were treated. Since then local conditions have hampered activity, but it is still open and functioning three times a week and handled over 1,000 patients in one six-month period.

The Rotary Club of KRUGERSDORP, SOUTH AFRICA, has induced the Government to provide for private trial of juvenile delinquents, has organized motor trips for inmates of institutions, and has established two bursaries or scholarships for local boys. . . . The EAST LONDON, SOUTH AFRICA, Rotary Club has voted to continue the soup kitchen for the Bantus at its own expense, while trying to get aid from the Government.

President Must Have Felt at Home Himself a ceramics engineer and head of a large clay tile industry, Armando de Arruda Pereira, President of Rotary International, must have felt very much at home when he visited the BRAZIL, IND., Rotary Club before leaving for his native Brazil recently. BRAZIL, IND., asserts that it is "the clay center of the world."

Photo: Rotarian C. F. Snow



BOTH ARE Governors and Rotarians, and will be your hosts in Denver June 15-20! Seated on the arm of the seat is District Governor D. D. Monroe, and at the lower right is State Governor Ralph Carr, of Colorado—on their way to a Cheyenne, Wyo., intercity meeting.



VISIT Ontario's lovely lakes and streams . . . our cool forests and sunlit beaches. Travel on our King's Highways . . . fine paved roads through scenic beauty . . . rest and play at ideal summer resorts.

Fishing . . . boating . . . swimming . . . sailing golfing . . . tennis—every form of holiday fun is more enjoyable in the sunny, stimulating air of Ontario. Cool nights bring refreshing sleep . . . gay dancing parties . . . or quiet hours in the moonlight make the evenings all too short.

You need no passport to visit Ontario, simple identification papers only. There is no fuss entering or leaving this Province. You pay no "nuisance taxes" in Ontario, no toll bridge charges within the Province.

Enjoy your holiday in Ontario . . . where travel is absolutely unrestricted.



YOUR MONEY goes further in Ontario—there is a handsome premium on U. S. funds.

VISIT THE GREAT GOLD-FIELDS of Canada or the romantic North country.

ENGLISH WOOLENS, china and other goods are cheaper in Ontario.

LET US TELL YOU about the rental of Crown lands for cottages or camp sites.

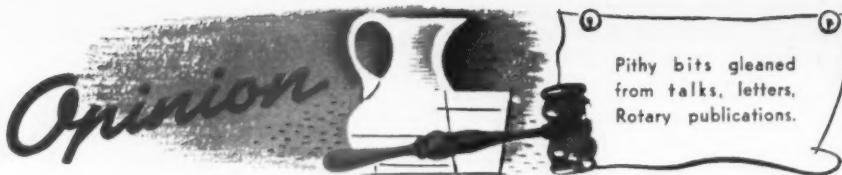
Ontario Travel & Publicity Bureau,
44 Parliament Buildings,
Toronto, Ontario, Canada.
Please mail me FREE your 80-page book on Ontario, also complete road map showing highway connections from United States points.

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ State _____

NO PASSPORT REQUIRED



Formula for Peace

GEORGE W. WESTMORELAND, Attorney
Secretary, Rotary Club
Jefferson, Georgia

My formula for peace is nothing more nor less than for each nation to accord to every other nation of every creed, of every clime, its rightful place in the sun. No nation can assume that self-righteous attitude and judge other nations by its half bushel. Each must tolerate the others' views, and when

we try to be mutual one with the other, when we try to understand the others' point of view, our boundaries will be like the one between the United States and Canada.—*From an address.*

Diplomacy Needs Rotary's Object

O. H. HEWIT, JR., Rotarian
Secretary, Chamber of Commerce
Plainfield, New Jersey

We are committed to the advancement of international understanding,

goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship as the Fourth Object of Rotary. Certainly, that fellowship cannot grow large and strong enough to accomplish very much if it is limited to members of Rotary. This means that to realize very much on our Fourth Object, men who acquire international understanding, goodwill, and peace through membership in Rotary must go forth as disciples of this idealism into the diplomatic service of all nations.

Needed: A New Evaluation

T. J. MATTINGLY, Former Rotarian
Minister
Coshocton, Ohio

Rotary needs a new evaluation of its ideals, and this evaluation should include the inculcating into the local Club of the ideals in the local situation that can be realized. The Club should be small enough that each man can know his fellow Rotarians. It should very definitely return to its rigid classification requirements in order to keep this intimate fellowship. Rotary means a way of life, and that way of life is realized by practice, and practice comes through each Rotarian having a part in the building of the spirit of Rotary. We become Rotarians as much by helping build Rotary as we do by becoming simply "members of a Rotary Club." May Rotary save itself from decay by marching on with the generation!

Rotary a Training Ground

CHARLES F. STONE, Rotarian
President, Atlantic Steel Company
Atlanta, Georgia

Those who accept the Rotary ideal of service do not believe that wealth has no legitimate uses, nor do they hold that financial gain and profit are the only considerations. Business and professional men render service of great value in an ethical and moral sense. The motto does not make Rotary. He who repeats the motto is not, necessarily, a Rotarian. The motto grew out of Rotary. Fundamentally, Rotary is a philosophy of life, and the purpose of membership in a Rotary Club is to train men to serve society through their vocation—not to train them in business.—*From a Rotary Club address.*

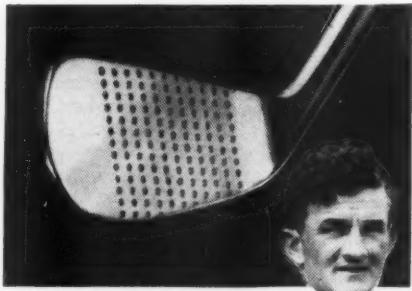
If We Learn Our Lesson—

JOS. W. BARR, Rotarian
Barr Insurance Company
Oil City, Pennsylvania

If those who are so fortunate in our democracy as to have been rewarded with the powers that have developed among us, business powers, political or financial powers, govern themselves by their sense of responsibility to our whole body politic, and if we ourselves learn the lesson that the cure for the inefficiencies of business and the evils of democracy is a better business and more democracy, and not the destruction of their beneficent processes, either wholesale or piecemeal, then, I say, the spoils of our victory will be not merely the salvaging of democracy and liberty, but a future of such wealth and glory, and such well-being for the masses of men as this world has never imagined.—*From a Rotary Club address.*



**CHOOSE WILSON
GOLF CLUBS
TO GET THE
MOST OUT OF
YOUR GAME!**



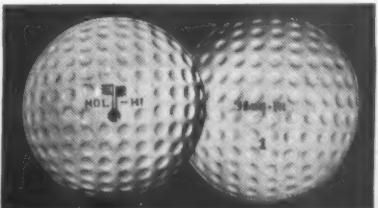
Wilson-Johnny Revolta Irons

This player is famous for his amazing short game, with irons. These 1941 Wilson Irons are designed after Revolta's own ideas. Only Wilson's long experience and volume production make it possible to offer these and other Wilson clubs at such reasonable prices. Play Wilson clubs this season and play a better game.

New Wilson 1941 Balls

The finest product of our many years of experience as makers of golf balls for leading professional players. Featured wherever fine sports equipment is sold.

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago, New York and other leading cities.



*"It pays
to play"*

Wilson
GOLF EQUIPMENT

Players mentioned
are retained on
Wilson's Advisory
Staff

Talking It Over

[Continued from page 4]

type of sign. Here are a couple of examples I noted:

"Bill: I'd like to come back next year and find the park as it is today. Let's leave the ferns and the flowers where they are." —Joe.

And another:

"Frank: There's a rule against dogs, leashed or unleashed, from May 15 to September 15, so I have to leave mine at home. Guess you'll have to do the same." —Harry.

It's hard to resist the friendliness—the politeness—of signs like that. Wagner is of the opinion that Akron's parks suffer less from vandalism than do similar parks elsewhere.

Billboards at Scranton

Reports C. M. HEPBURN

Secretary, Rotary Club

Scranton, Pennsylvania

Apropos the discussion on billboards in the April issue of THE ROTARIAN [Outdoor Advertising?], debate-of-the-month],



readers may be interested in this [above] photograph. Thirty-four of these signs were posted in or near Scranton through the courtesy of Rotarian John G. Rees, and considerable favorable comment has been received regarding them.

More on Outdoor Advertising

From A. E. GERMER, JR.

Manager, Public Relations Dept.

Outdoor Advertising Association of America, Inc.

Chicago, Illinois

The debate on outdoor advertising in the April issue of THE ROTARIAN prompts me to make several observations which may be of interest to readers.

In the development and maintenance of the United States' enviable economic position, advertising has made and is making an important contribution.

The advertising messages of business must be delivered to the potential customer continuously if the economies and quality possible through mass production and adequate distribution are to be maintained for the mutual benefit of all concerned.

One hundred and thirty million persons do not buy their annual shoe requirements at one time. They buy at the rate of approximately 500,000 pairs a day over a period of 300 days. Thus, to keep the flow of mass production, advertising and selling effort must parallel it and create an even flow of mass purchases.

Outdoor advertising without duplication by any other major advertising medium delivers commercial messages to



A MODERN
CASH
REGISTER



A FAST
ADDING
MACHINE

Burroughs
COMBINATION CASH REGISTER



Burroughs offers other types of cash registers too. They are pictured in booklet shown below.

Investigate this compact double-duty machine. It combines the protective features of a smart, modern cash register with the advantages of a fast, practical adding machine. Priced so low any business can afford one . . . a few cents a day pays for it. Choose from a wide range of styles and colors the machine that exactly meets the needs of your business.

For quick action, mail the coupon today or telephone your local Burroughs office.



SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET!

Burroughs Adding Machine Company
6287 Second Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Send me free illustrated booklet, prices and terms on Burroughs Cash Registering Machines.

Name _____

Address _____

Line of Business _____

EDUCATIONAL DIRECTORY

BOYS' SCHOOLS

COLUMBIAS

MILITARY ACADEMY

12 buildings, 9 built by U. S. Government. Fully accredited. Special Department preparing for Government Academies. R.O.T.C. Post-Graduate and Junior Schools. New gym. Athletics: swimming, golf, horsemanship. 50 piece band. Beautiful bluegrass campus of 67 acres. For illustrated catalog address: Dept. T, Columbia, Tenn.

FARRAGUT NAVAL CAMP

July 5-Aug. 30. Frequent cruises along Jersey coast in sub-chaser. Expert instruction in rowing, sailing, swimming. Boys 10-20. Tutoring available. Modern dormitories, rifle range, 50 boats. Limited enrolment. Inclusive fee covers uniform, laundry. Catalog. Rear Admiral S. S. Robison, U.S.N. (Ret.), Box 29, Toms River, N. J.



PREPAREDNESS HAS BEEN OUR JOB FOR 97 YEARS—Kemper's superior program of preparing young men to successfully meet life's battle will mean much to your son.

KEMPER

MILITARY SCHOOL—Junior College, High School
Fully accredited. Superior instruction. Modern buildings. \$200,000 gym. Indoor pool, rifle range. Five athletic fields. 56 acres. Catalog. Col. A. M. Hitch, 510 Third St., Booneville, Mo.

Randolph-Macon ACADEMY

MILITARY ACCREDITED BOTH YEAR

At northern entrance to Skyline Drive. Prepares boys for college or business through intensive study methods. Fireproof buildings. Supervised athletics. Visitors welcome. Write for catalog and "Visit" folder.

COL. JOHN C. BOGGS, Principal
Box O FRONT ROYAL, VA.

SUMMER CAMPS

FOR BOYS

CAMP LEN-A-PE
For Boys, 3 to 17

On Natural Lake in Poconos, 110 miles from N. Y. C.; 120 mi., Phila. . . Riding, sailing, tennis, nature study, magic, aquaplaning, rope-spinning, Indian lore, crafts. Staff includes a real Indian and cowboy, physician, nurse, etc. Booklet.

David S. R. Kaiser
7733 Mill Rd., Elkins Park, Pa.
Phone MELROSE 1682
Fine ADULT and GIRL CAMPS NEARBY

MUSIC CAMP

MUSIC in the MOUNTAINS

8th Season of Happy Days of Study and Play. Boys and Girls 8-18. Private instruction in all instruments, voice, dramatics, noted professional staff. Concert orchestra, Band. All camping sports, on beautiful lake. Substantial buildings. Tuition, including lessons, \$250. Camp catalog upon request.

ADIRONDACK MUSIC CAMP, INC.

Ralph L. Hey, Director, Box 1029, Lake Placid, N. Y.
Sherwood Kains, Dir. Music, Univ. of Cincinnati, O.

all consumers who move in the daily traffic flow to and from work, school, shopping, and recreational activities.

For over 50 years, organized outdoor advertising has served by bringing to the public throughout the nation information regarding meritorious products and services manufactured or furnished by the nation's leading producers and available through reliable retail or distribution outlets.

GIRLS' SCHOOL



THAT DAUGHTER OF YOURS

Now that she is eagerly anticipating her first contact with the world via "a job," how can you best help her?

Katharine Gibbs secretarial training is the choice of thoughtful fathers anxious to see their daughters fortunately placed in the business world. Among the secretaries-in-training now at Gibbs are girls from forty states—combining happy away-at-school experiences with thorough preparation for secretarial careers.

The Gibbs catalog may help you and your daughter to decide that she, too, ought to go to Katharine Gibbs this year! Address Dean's Secretary.

KATHARINE GIBBS

NEW YORK, 230 Park Ave.
Boston, 90 Marlborough Street
Providence, R. I., 155 Angell Street

BUSINESS

LEARN BANKING BOOKKEEPING STENOGRAPHY

ALSO TELEGRAPHY AND CIVIL SERVICE. Attend on Credit, Pay when Employed. Established 50 years, 8 Big Buildings, \$40,000 Stadium, \$60,000 Gym, Municipal Swimming Pool, 3,500 Students, beautiful Campus, Band, real college life. Send for Catalog.

CHILLICOTHE BUSINESS COLLEGE
1500 Monroe St. Chillicothe, Mo.

SCHOOLS AND CAMPS

will welcome inquiries from our subscribers. If you plan to send your children to school or camp, write today to schools and camps represented on this page for complete details. Be sure to mention THE ROTARIAN.

This service has been rendered at a lower cost per 1,000 messages delivered than is possible through any other method, and thus the American marketing policy of "the best possible product or service for the lowest possible price" has been effectively supported and furthered.

Organized outdoor advertising owns or leases the property on which its facilities are located, which is lawful oc-

cupancy. Rentals are paid annually to more than 250,000 property owners. The rentals paid in proportion to income are equal to those paid by any other soundly conducted commercial occupancy of similar property.

Organized outdoor advertising pays all legally spread taxes, and, proportionate to income, the amount paid compares favorably with that paid by other services.

For your information, standardized outdoor-advertising service is available in all important markets in the Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

Copy in support of worthy public-welfare movements or civic activities is displayed by organized outdoor advertising without cost to the sponsors as a service to the community on the same basis as is done by all other advertising mediums—as a privilege and a duty of good citizenship.

Attention is invited to the pamphlet *Governing Principles and Policies of the Outdoor Advertising Association of America*, which includes the following "Statement of Policy":

1. Members of this Association will erect and maintain advertising structures only:
 - (a) upon property leased or owned by the members;
 - (b) in accordance with Association standards of construction and maintenance;
 - (c) consistent with established principles of safety, as defined by traffic and engineering authorities;
 - (d) in such a manner as to recognize and respect the public interest in
 - (1) natural scenic beauty;
 - (2) parks, parkways, and their immediate approaches;
 - (3) historical monuments, shrines, and places;
 - (e) so as to respect the rights and interests of owners and occupants of property in fact residential.
2. Members of this Association will display copy only in conformity with Association standards, and will display no copy which
 - (a) induces a violation of Federal or State laws;
 - (b) is offensive to the moral standards of the community;
 - (c) is false, misleading, or deceptive.

Reeker Article for Study Group

Used by Mrs. A. DOWELL

Wife of Rotarian

Victoria, British Columbia, Canada

As the convener of the adolescent study group of the Sir James Douglas Parent-Teacher Association, I am greatly indebted to your splendid magazine for many educational articles which I have been able to use for discussion purposes in our group.

I am planning to read *An Appeal to Parents*, by Ernest L. Reeker [February ROTARIAN], at our next meeting. It is an excellent article, one which should be read by every parent, for we as parents must remember that today's child is tomorrow's citizen.

Talk Arose from Rose

Reports J. G. WEST, Rotarian

Printer

Vernon, British Columbia, Canada

In the December ROTARIAN, Will Rose had a very fine article, *What I Saw in Canada!* We discussed this at a Rotary luncheon and a paragraph contained in it was mentioned. It appears on page 36 and starts out, "Regardless of inflated prices . . ." and has to do with the fact that in the author's opin-

on the daily-newspaper field in Canada has been neglected. We were so interested that we decided to have a discussion on this matter at a Club meeting.

About a Map and a Lad

*Relayed by WESLEY J. TOWNE
Executive Secretary, Rotary Club
Denver, Colorado*

The mother of a boy in school came into our office the other day wishing to borrow a copy of THE ROTARIAN for October, 1939. She was particularly interested in the economic map of South America which appears on page 40 [see *South America Has Everything!*, by Edward Tomlinson]. Her son had some schoolwork and this map was of material assistance to him. In her search for data at our public library she came across THE ROTARIAN. I loaned her the file copy that we had, and she was very appreciative of our assistance.

Judging from the letters received as a result of the contest announced in the April "Rotarian," the Editors conclude most people still "believe in boys." The following, adjudged best by the Rotarian father of eight sons, is declared winner. For announcement of another letter contest, see page 2.—Editors.

Why Shouldn't I?

Asks O. N. DARBY, Rotarian Educator

Newton, Mississippi

Of course I believe in boys.

I believe in boys because I was once a boy myself, and I know.

My home training was excellent, but I must have been slow in absorbing it. I recall my waywardness with amazement. I remember that when I was 14, I went into the storage room of the rural school where I attended and tried to persuade another boy to help me cut the tires from the bicycle of one of my best friends. Why? I wanted adventure. I haven't amounted to much, but I can look at my own tricks and feel a great faith in the possibilities tied up in every boy whom I know.

I believe in boys because I have a little boy of my own, and I must.

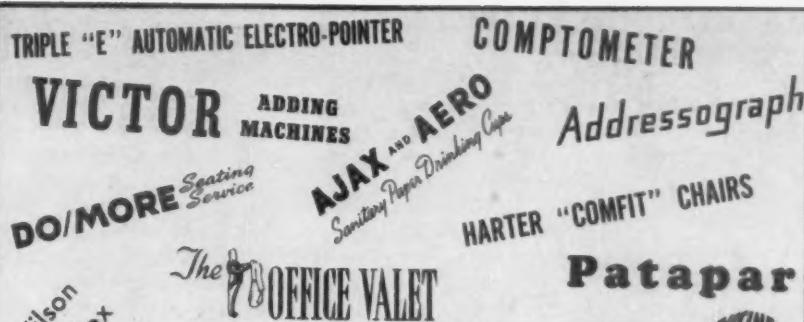
Not many weeks ago my little boy said to me, "Daddy, I see other men, and maybe I want to be like them a little, and then I think of you, and I say to myself, 'I want to be just like my daddy!'" He believes in me, and I must in him. I know he will do some of the questionable things I did, and probably some I didn't do, but I can't help believing in him and all boys like him, big and little.

I believe in boys because I am a teacher, and I have seen.

I have seen boys develop from the sorriest beginnings to the highest levels of manhood. I have seen them make better men than their fathers. And I have seen none that might not have been saved under the proper circumstances.

I believe in boys because all the good men and the great men of all time have come from boyhood.

Why shouldn't I believe in boys?



WHERE'S THE BIGGEST "Office" Market IN YOUR MARKET?

The companies whose trademarks appear in this advertisement know—and aim advertising accordingly. It's the market represented by the business leaders who read Nation's Business.

That holds good all over the map. Because, throughout the country, nearly 80,000 more men who count in business pay to read Nation's Business than subscribe to the next two business magazines combined.

If the products you sell are advertised in Nation's Business, you're getting the strongest advertising support available in the business field.

THE 356,480 MEN WHO READ

NATION'S BUSINESS

ARE AMERICA'S NO. 1 MARKET

FOR EVERYTHING

BUSINESS MEN BUY



Opportunity in Crisis

[Continued from page 15]

spent a day in a western Pennsylvania city. In the afternoon everyone I met—old-stock Americans, immigrants, newspapermen, Rotarians—was quick to tell me there was no prejudice or discrimination in town; that all “foreigners” were entirely at home. In the evening I lectured in the leading church in the community. The minister, who was also my chairman and who knew my ideas, had invited a Yugoslav choral society to sing before and after the talk, in part as a demonstration of what he and oth-

ers had been telling me during the afternoon. But as he took me into the large anteroom adjoining the beautiful church auditorium, to introduce me to my fellow immigrants from Yugoslavia, I found them—about a score of men and women—stiffly lined up along walls.

Theirs was the natural primitive behavior of strangers in strange places I had observed a number of times before in other cities. Their manner was generally rigid. They sang the least interesting folksongs, and poorly, although among Yugoslavs in western Pennsylvania they are famous for their singing.

After the lecture I went with a group of these singers to a home and was

not surprised to discover difficulties, inferiority feelings and attitudes, lacks of adjustment, resentments against prejudice and condescension and patronizing manners toward them, and prejudices on their part against other groups—things of which the leading people in town were unaware. When the minister’s invitation had come, a week before, it had caused a panic among the society’s officers. In that state of mind they had decided to sing the uninteresting numbers, fearing the “Americans” might not like the livelier pieces and think of them as just something the “hunkies” would sing. Those whose manner had been the stiffest in church were now natural and charming.

The plight “of nonbelongingness” among the new-immigrant groups is often a very subtle business. It vitally touches the innards of no end of individuals. It causes them to give wrong impressions of themselves. It makes them hang back from full participation as citizens, and develop secret hostile attitudes toward other groups. It is what Goebbels had in mind when he spoke, some years ago, about the “racial tensions” in the United States.

WHAT can Rotary Clubs do to ease it? The problem is different in every town, and no one can work out a complete and a detailed program which would fit any large number of communities. Yet I find in papers issued by the Secretariat of Rotary International many suggestions based upon activities of several Clubs in the United States and Canada.

One excellent way to start is to get a committee to work. Not being a Rotarian, I am unable to say whether the Community Service or the International Service Committee of a Rotary Club could do the work, but I understand either could. But if a special Committee is formed, let it include some immigrants and second-generation people, even non-Rotarians.

I suggest that it *not* be called the Minority, the Foreign Nationality, the Tolerance, or the Melting Pot Committee. These words and phrases are close to the core of the negative phase of the situation. “Minority” is a European word, a factor in the whole European predicament. “Foreign nationality” is objectionable because most people in the new-immigrant groups are trying desperately to be Americans and be accepted as such. “Tolerance” is not the virtue most people think it is; it is, in fact, only inactive intolerance, a veneer for prejudice, while what is needed is that people begin to *accept* one another. And “melting pot” means that, to assimilate them, things ought to be fried out of the “foreigners.”

Why not call the special Committee the Plymouth Rock-Ellis Island Committee? You would be recognizing right off the bat that the problem involves

**Extra Things
to SEE and DO**

in DENVER at your 32nd ROTARY INTERNATIONAL Annual Convention!

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not only the immigrants and their children, but everybody, for it is a matter of all sorts of attitudes and fears playing back and forth. Helpful literature is easy to get. Rotary's Secretariat will supply valuable information upon request, and will offer suggestions where more can be obtained. It is important above all else that the Committee members rid themselves of tendencies, if any, to participate, however unconsciously, in the psychological civil war.

The next step, I suggest, is to make a survey study of the local situation. You may be able to get some factual materials in your local library, schools, churches and settlement houses, and other institutions and organizations, as well as from individuals. Committeemen should become acquainted with the most intelligent and progressive persons in the new-immigrant groups. These are not always the so-called "foreign leaders," nor the materially most successful business and professional people, but humble, obscure persons.

Now the Committee may be more or less ready to work out a tentative program and start experimenting with it. It should lay the results of the study survey before the Club's Board of Directors, or the Club itself, at one of its regular meetings—with non-Rotarians who are interested or involved in the situation present. A discussion would help to crystallize goodwill into action.

Local conditions will determine what the "action" should be, but many Rotary Clubs could follow the example of the Club at Kokomo, Indiana, and stage an international dinner at which naturalized citizens are guests of honor. At a "Congress of Nations" banquet of the Quincy, Illinois, Club, representatives of 22 national backgrounds were present, each speaking briefly of the country of his birth or descent. A talk by a college president, who had given the problem deep study, closed the program.

GAY folk festivals for the entire community are easily within the range of Rotary Club efforts. At Port Arthur, Ontario, Canada, for example, more than 200 local people danced or sang in costume, making capacity crowds at the high school for two nights aware of the cultural background of folk from other lands. On the program were numbers from the Ukraine, Finland, Japan, England, Croatia, Sweden, Scotland, Denmark, as well as various parts of North America. One unexpected result was the formation of a choral society, a project for which a Finnish citizen had vainly worked alone for 15 years.

At Racine, Wisconsin, efforts of Rotarians to understand their new neighbors led to the formation, several years ago, of an International Council. Its activities culminate annually in an international night at the Rotary Club, at which representative immigrants and

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their sons and daughters have an opportunity for expression. Other Rotary Clubs have developed still different ways to perpetuate the good work launched by, perhaps, a regular weekly luncheon at which some well-informed speaker discussed the problem.

A series of lectures on the new-immigrant and other elements in the community is to be recommended. Often a local newspaper can be persuaded to run a series of articles on them, as was done at Springfield, Illinois, or St. Louis, Missouri. Public and school libraries will be glad to coöperate with a display of books and magazine articles and stories telling about the various waves of immigration.

Canvassing local possibilities, Rotarians would do well not to overlook informal possibilities—such as organized luncheons or dinners at restaurants serving good Old World foods. If you are near cities holding festivals, why not organize excursions? In mid-May, Pella, Iowa, and Holland, Michigan, founded by Hollander immigrants nearly 100 years ago, conduct colorful tulip festivals. There are no end of towns that offer similar attractions.

I am not a Rotarian . . . so I look at Rotary from the outside. But as I travel about America, I am impressed by the tremendous influence of the business and professional men who meet weekly under the sign of the cogged wheel. You who are Rotarians have unrealized potentialities and opportunities to improve the atmosphere of your communities as it specially and most unfavorably affects the new-immigrant groups. Such activities as have been suggested above, and others that alert members will develop, can be a factor in the great test facing the world—the test of gradually fusing and merging peoples from many lands and of divergent backgrounds into a common humanity.

More Color in America

The ROTARIAN articles that will be especially helpful to readers seeking more information on Author Adamic's suggestions are *Shall the Indian Be Kept Indian?*, a symposium, May, 1938; *Indian Art*, comments by John Sloan, March, 1941; *The Spanish Were Here First*, Elmer T. Peterson, March, 1938; *America Rediscovered Itself*, Farnsworth Crowder, August, 1940; *Making Them Feel at Home*, Louis Adamic, February, 1939; *America: Haven for Refugee Children?* (a debate), February, 1940; *The Odyssey of an American*, Edwin Muller, February, 1941; *The Return of the Troubadours*, T. H. Alexander, April, 1939.

In addition to the Secretariat of Rotary International, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, an excellent source of information is the Common Council for American Unity, 222 Fourth Avenue, New York. Author Adamic's most recent book, *From Many Lands* (Harper, \$3.50), is especially commended.—Eds.



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West of the Hudson

[Continued from page 19]

or theatrical production. But, I understand, Rotarians can check me on this in June when they hold their annual Convention.

And this is as good a spot as any to note that along with their concern for cleaner and more healthful towns, crippled children, Boy Scouts, and so on, Rotary Clubs have taken a lively interest in cultural facets of community life that will surprise the New Yorker whose reading on Rotary is limited to *Main Street* and *Babbitt*. Whatever is good for their towns seems naturally to draw encouragement—often expressed in dollars—from Rotarians. Little theaters, lecture series, Institutes of Understanding, historic festivals—but why should I tell readers of this magazine what they already know?

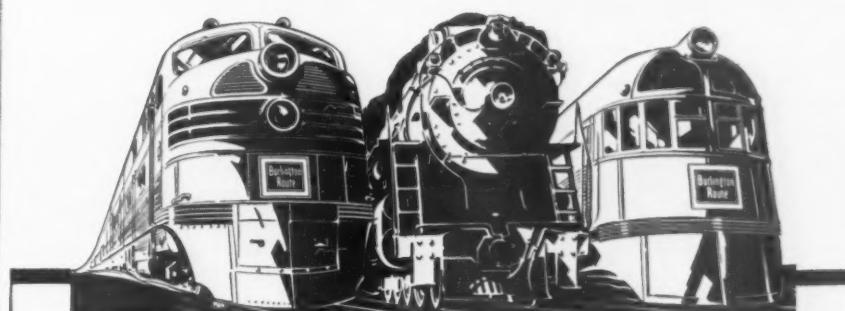
The new directions which American culture is taking can perhaps be best illustrated in music. The rise of high-school orchestras in recent years was perhaps stimulated by the East, but in New York at least the excellent orchestras in our public schools have not modified the prestige of the professional symphony groups; merely to suggest the possibility seems ridiculous. In the West, however, and in parts of the South there are literally thousands of symphonic orchestras in our high schools—thousands even after you leave out the poor ones. Scores of Rotary Clubs take a paternal interest in them, often supplying instruments or gala uniforms.* America is growing accustomed to excellent music produced by itself and for itself, at small expense.

The love of symphonic music, no doubt stimulated by great professional orchestras heard over the radio, prompts service clubs and the people in America at large to organize and support civic symphony associations, such as the admirable orchestra at El Paso, Texas, conducted by Henry Arthur Brown. From the program of a recent concert given by this orchestra I learn that the players are joining the local choral society to produce a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. Flint, Michigan, has produced civic opera for eight consecutive years, with local talent. In Raleigh, North Carolina, the Little Theater organized two years ago an opera group which has given *Cavalleria Rusticana*, *Il Trovatore*, and Offenbach's *The Tales of Hoffmann*, and which this year is producing *Martha*.

In these instances, as in most that I know, the American excursion into opera begins with the production of well-known works, but a new tendency now

* See *Tootin' for Fun*, a pictorial account of the public-school band activities of the Rotary Club of Sebring, Florida.

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shows itself where we should expect to find it, in the high schools which already have fine orchestras. There is a remarkable movement toward opera for high-school singers and orchestras. Europe supplies no works, or very few, proper for young voices to attempt. Some of America's best composers are now turning their attention to this opportunity. In a few years we shall be listening to original American operas composed for American young people and performed by them in hundreds, perhaps in thousands, of high schools.

What will develop out of this phenomenon we can only guess. We shall still wish to hear the great masterpieces of the Old World, but there will also be a school of opera all our own, probably following our own tastes in the irreverent but honest way we like to think is American, and pleasing us deeply because it is a picture of ourselves.

For Those Who Would Ride On

End Note John Erskine has not spared himself. With engaging candor he has told what happens to a sophisticated Easterner's preconceptions of the "hicks in the sticks" when he actually goes West. It is a good story, good for America.

And others are telling it, too. Bernard DeVoto, for one. A Westerner who adopted the East, he recently toured America, then wrote *Main Street Twenty Years After*, a vital, hopeful story of the regeneration of the small American town. Sinclair Lewis himself should applaud every line of it. *Harper's* carried the story in November, 1940; *The Reader's Digest* in December, 1940. Right down the same lane is *Home Town*, a new book by Sherwood Anderson, and every other page of it is a photograph (Alliance, 1940, \$2.50).

For some rich reading about the rootin', shootin' glamour of the old West, be sure to see *Hats!—Beaver vs. Silk*, by Stanley Vestal (and bibliographical End Note), in THE ROTARIAN for November, 1940. 'Don't Shoot Till You Get Your Bead!', by William MacLeod Raine in the March issue, is hearty fare, too.

Stark Realism

*Today I saw a woodland pool
Reflecting treetops tall and cool.
I saw a rosebud push away
Its swaddling clothes and greet the day.
I saw a vine that God had laid
Over some scar that man had made.
I heard a bird sing, unaware
Of any wrong thing anywhere.*

*I saw a friend reach forth a hand
To help a fall'ring neighbor stand.
I saw a mother watch above
A dear one in the name of love.
I saw a fallen human rise
With hope and courage in his eyes.
Hark, friend and foe. I set my seal
To this—that all these things were real.*
—Clarence Edwin Flynn



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HO, THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM isn't vacationing. He is on the job as usual, but a recent survey showed so many hobbyists pawing at the "What's Your Hobby?" post (a regular feature of this column) that he decided to turn over the page this month to listing them. If perchance you too wish your name listed here—if you are a Rotarian or a member of a Rotarian's family—let THE GROOM know, and soon he will introduce you, without charge, to others of like or different hobbies.

One hobby rider, a Rotarian, has mentioned that he always sends some duplicates to every fellow hobbyist who is listed each month—but that a few do not even acknowledge receipt. He is not trading—it's a free gift, but as he says, "If this keeps up, I'll lose some of my enthusiasm!"

Flag Cancellations: Edward G. Wadsworth (son of Rotarian—will trade flag cancellations, match covers, and first-day and naval covers), 70 High St., Eastport, Me., U.S.A.

Outdoor Life: George Flott (interested in animal life and photography, and in wild plant life), Croswell, Mich., U.S.A.

Grandfather Clocks: Reuben Kuempel (interested in the building of cases and the movements of grandfather clocks), Guttenberg, Iowa, U.S.A.

Pencils: Olive O. Beuchat (niece of Rotarian—collects advertising pencils; will exchange for pencils, flower seeds, buttons, or other items of equal value), Route 2, Madison, Kans., U.S.A.

Milk-Bottle Caps: Carolyn Axelson (daughter of Rotarian—collects milk-bottle caps; will exchange for match covers, stamps, etc.), 609 Penn Ave., Holton, Kans., U.S.A.

Anecdotes: Tom Henderson (seeks facts for reminiscential stories of homespun flavor and humorous twists), Yanceyville, N. C., U.S.A.

Ash Trays: Herman P. Weissert (collects ash trays), Eustis, Nebr., U.S.A.

Photography: Lloyd M. Southwick (wishes to exchange typical scenes with Rotarians from other parts of world, preferably 5 x 7 enlargements with data), Edinburg, Tex., U.S.A.

Dolls: Mrs. David Beatty (wife of Rotarian—collects "foreign" and early-American dolls; will pay for inexpensive dolls), 5808 W. Wisconsin Ave., Wauwatosa, Wis., U.S.A.

Tracts: H. Clifford Fox (collects tracts of the American Tract Society, any size or description), University of Dubuque, Dubuque, Iowa, U.S.A.

Pitchers: Helen Ann Riddell (daughter of Rotarian—collects small pitchers; will exchange inexpensive ones), 364 Baldwin Ave., Birmingham, Mich., U.S.A.

Rotary; Hawaii: Mrs. George M. Bayles (wife of Rotarian—wishes correspondence with Rotarians' wives active in "Rotary Ann doings"; also interested in Hawaiian traditions and history especially in relation to music and dance, and desires correspondence with wives of Hawaiian Rotarians), 1225 E. 95th, Seattle, Wash., U.S.A.

Pen Friends: Phyllis Le Blang (daughter of Rotarian—wishes correspondence with boys and girls aged 16 to 18), 389 Clarinda St., Parkes, Australia.

Paperweights: Mrs. C. H. Roberts (wife of Rotarian—collects old glass paperweights; will buy or exchange articles of equal value), 931 Cherry St., Mt. Carmel, Ill., U.S.A.

Playing-Card Backs: Arthur M. Gruhl (will exchange playing-card backs, usually jokers, with anyone interested, especially from distant lands), 468 College Ave., Racine, Wis., U.S.A.

Marine Shells: A. Haven Smith (interested in marine shells; wishes to learn of others with similar interest), Orange Union High School, Orange, Calif., U.S.A.

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Courtesy, Humorist (England)

"EXCUSE ME, but will someone tell me how to spell 'doddering,' please?"



Two dollars will be paid to Rotarians and their wives submitting stories used under this heading. Send entries to Stripped Gears, THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago. The following story, which he says was related by Booker T. Washington, comes from John F. Heck, a member of the Rotary Club of Berlin, New Hampshire.

A seedy-looking man wanted to cross a ferry that was operated by a colored man named Rastus, but the man asked to borrow from Rastus the price of crossing, which was 3 cents.

"Ain't yo' got no money?" demanded Rastus. "No," replied the man. "Ain't yo' got no home?" persisted Rastus. Again the man replied, "No." "Ain't yo' got no land?" "No." "Well, stranger," said Rastus, "I'se mighty sorry fo' yo', I is, but I ain't goin' to lend yo' no 3 cents. A man what ain't got no money, what ain't got no home, what ain't got no place, and what ain't got no 3 cents, it don't make no manner of difference to nobody which side of the ferry he is on."

Rotary Geography Lesson

The following definitions combine to form the name of towns in which there are Rotary Clubs. For example: Fresh and an old boat. Answer: Newark.

1. Branch of learning, a vowel, and an aeriform fluid.
2. An outer garment and a structure over a stream of liquid.
3. One dearly beloved and a unit of measurement.
4. A harbor, a vowel,

and a covering of soft feathers. 5. An urgent request for payment, a vowel, and a loud noise. 6. An extension of land and a center of population. 7. To drive down and before. 8. To produce musical tones, the sixth tone in the modern major musical scale, and to gaze intently. 9. A collection of tents, a hollow metallic vessel, and to pass or cross a river. 10. That from which thought originates and a printing term.

Riddle

I am a little word of six letters, yet when a luminous celestial body operates, some people are made happy, others have cause for pain. If you behead me and remove my tail, I become the middle name of a former United States Ambassador. If you remove only my tail, I become a gloss. My 2-3-4 is a Hebrew measure of liquids. My 1-3-4 is a violation of propriety. My 5-4 is a printing term. My 6-5-4 is a Japanese coin. My 2-5 is a pronoun. My 1-2-3-4 is found below the knee. My 1-2-5 is a pronoun.

The answers to the two problems above will be found on page 71.—Eds.

Fashion Note

While chill winds blow, milady fair
Contrives delightfully to wear
Upon a head that's almost bare
A hat that almost isn't there!

—May Richstone



*A jest's propensity lies in the ear of
him that hears it, never in the tongue
of him that makes it.—Shakespeare.

Understanding

Two businessmen were riding home from their stores, on the streetcar. Side by side they sat, both looking worried and both remaining silent. Finally one heaved a deep sigh. The other studied him for a moment and then said in an annoyed tone: "You're telling me?"—Rotary Bulletin, KILGORE, TEXAS.

Tough Spot

A young editor was lamenting a few days ago the fact that he could discuss nothing which did not stir up controversy. "No matter what I write," he said, "it is sure to offend somebody. I think I shall go back to my office and write an editorial demanding warmer weather. That ought to please everybody."

"Not at all," exclaimed one of those present. "Such an editorial would offend many people: you would ruin the

makers of overcoats, the overshoe industry, the muffler trade, the manufacturers of cold cures, the dealers in oil and coal, the umbrella people, those who make a living out of antifreeze, skid chains, and windshield wipers. Why, my dear fellow, you would be an agent of catastrophe."—*The Rotarian*, CHEROKEE, OKLAHOMA.

The Winnah!

In a London club three men were discussing names. "Mine," said the first man, "is Edward Henry Patrick Richard Fortescue. I'm sure none of you chaps can beat that for length."

"I can," retorted the second. "My name is James Clifford Percival Ronald Albert Michael Marshall."

"I beat you both," murmured the third, an American.

"Eh?" they said. "What's your name?"

"Miles Long."—*Rotary Bulletin*, WACO, TEXAS.

Inside Dope

A college professor declares that contrary to scientific opinion, the interior of the earth is not so hot. In our unscientific opinion, the same thing is true of the exterior.—*The Rotagraph*, BEAVER FALLS, PENNSYLVANIA.

We Need Your Line—

To fill out the unfinished limerick below. Submit as many lines as you wish. If one of yours is the best submitted to The Fixer, Stripped Gears Department, care of "The Rotarian" Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, it will bring you \$2. Entries must be in by June 1.—Gears Eds.

A 'LIM' ABOUT SLIM

There's much to be said for Slim Baint,
Though some think he's just a bit quaint,
But if Slim says he'll do it,
You'll never need rue it,

Verdict!

With a rub-a-dub-dub, Roy A. Barton, a member of the Rotary Club of Fort Kent, Maine, wins the \$2 prize for the best line to complete the bobtailed limerick which was published in the February ROTARIAN. Here is the limerick as completed by Rotarian Barton:

*On meeting day Jim went to the Club
And shared in the banter and the grub,
But when asked to help out,
He started to pout,
And the Club said to rub out the dub!*

Contributors to the February limerick contest will undoubtedly be interested in knowing which "rhyme words" were most popular. A checkup by The Fixer shows that "dub," like Abou Ben Adam, led all the rest. Close on its heels were "rub" and "sub."

Answers to Puzzles on Opposite Page

ROTARY GEOGRAPHY LESSON: 1. Artigas (Uruguay). 2. Coatbridge (Scotland). 3. Darlington (England). 4. Portadown (Ireland). 5. Dunedin (New Zealand). 6. Capetown (South Africa). 7. Tampere (Finland). 8. Singapore (Straits Settlements). 9. Campbellford (Ontario, Canada). 10. Minden (Nebraska and Nevada, U.S.A.).

RIDDLE: Shines.

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Sarouk....	5.2x 3.6...	47.50	Kerman...	19.7x11.1...	825.00
Kerman...	7.2x 4.1...	135.00	Keshan...	17.4x10.8...	675.00
Mihriban...	12.0x 9.0...	175.00	Sarouk...	26.0x13.2...	1375.00

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Last Page Comment

'YOUR MAGAZINE' has no paid news correspondents. Yet, by good chance it has a world-circling network of more than 5,000 first-rate "news bureaus" and some 200,000 potential news correspondents. We refer, of course, to Rotary's 5,029 Clubs and the 210,000 members thereof. From them comes each month a mountain of Club bulletins, correspondence, speech manuscripts, friendly "tips," and helpful criticisms. Seldom do we start the pleasant job of exploring it without wishing for a way to share the experience with all our readers. For in the mass of stuff is the current human history of our world. Tragedy and comedy are never far apart. High scholarship and horseplay—you find them side by side. Despair, on one page, gives way to cheerful optimism on the next. Here are some samples:

ITEM FROM ENGLAND:

"The old lady was looking at the heap of rubble which had been her home, after a direct hit, and quaintly said, 'Well, now isn't he a destructive little monkey?'"

ANOTHER LIKE IT:

"She was a cleaner and was late. Why? Because her home had been hit and she had escaped by inches. Telling the story, she said, 'But I had to larf. The old alarm clock goes right up in the air, and when he comes down the old bell went off and none of us could stop it. Straight, I couldn't help but larf, proper comical it was.'"

AND ONE UNLIKE IT:

"The blitzkrieg dealt heavy blows to Manchester, and to many of our members. To the Club itself it has meant the sudden and tragic loss of Edmund Evans, for it has been definitely established that he, and Mrs. Evans, perished, and were buried with the Mass Funeral. . . ."

BY RARE COINCIDENCE, the next item to hand is an inquiry

about the fate of Les Lieux de Genève (Lights of Geneva) and the movement to establish these neutral zones for women and children and the ill and the aged in countries at war. We cannot answer with certitude, but we have every reason to assume that the Swiss Rotarians who founded the organization have not lost sight of their goal, futile as it may seem. Point out to them, if you will, that there are no noncombatants in modern wars, that every acre of land and sea in nations at war is a potential battlefield, ask them how they can hope to establish these "White Zones" of immunity in the face of that, and they will answer, as they have, "Well, the idea of the Red Cross seemed fantastic 70 years ago and look at it now." The fact that Les Lieux de Genève are not operative in Europe today does not discredit the foresight of the men behind them.

AND HERE, IN THE MAIL, is a little story with the stories of whole peoples behind it. A former Rotarian and his wife, now refugees in Southern France, want to come to the United States. Home, for longer than they care to remember, has been wherever they could hang their hats. Though citizens of Luxembourg, they lived in the Czechoslovakian territory which was ceded to Poland. Then prior to the German invasion of that land, they fled to Belgium. And upon the invasion of the Low Countries, they fled to Southern France. They want to come to the United States. So, says our correspondent, do scores of other Rotarian refugees in Europe. Knowing nowhere else to turn, they ask Rotary International for help. What they need are affidavits of financial support required by the United States Government, or affidavits of moral character required for tourists' visas or visitors' visas. Since organizations such as Rotary International are not recognized as

competent to provide such affidavits, Rotary cannot help—directly. But individual Rotarians can. And a number of them are helping. One at Cleveland, Ohio, has provided affidavits of financial support for 12 refugees. Any Rotarian or Rotary Club interested in helping similarly can obtain full details by writing to Rotary International, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois.

DEMOCRACY— its past, perils, and possibilities—is a subject that bulks large in our mail, and we note that the Congress of the United States has again set aside the third Sunday in May as Citizenship Recognition Day. It is a day for America to recognize new voters—sons and daughters who have turned 21 and those men and women from other shores who have been newly naturalized. A quotation in the literature of the National Educational Association, which sponsors the day with the help of many civic and patriotic bodies including Rotary, reads: "Democratic government can rise no higher than the intelligence, conscience, and purpose of the individual citizen."

THAT IS A STATEMENT with which Louis Adamic, who sees *Opportunity in Crisis* (page 14), would heartily concur. Few know better than he, for one thing, of the great reservoir of strength which the United States has in its many racial groups—his own Slavic cousins to name but one. The great problem, he says, is to give these new Americans the feel of "belonging," to break down the social distinctions which set them apart from their fellow Americans. There is a point of internal disunity which democracies cannot survive. André Maurois makes that clear elsewhere in these pages. The challenge to Rotary Clubs is clear cut. If you have wearied of too much talk about making democracy work, and have seen too few deeds, don't read Mr. Adamic's story—unless you want a job that, nine chances out of ten, needs doing in your own town.

-Your Editor

